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ON SALE WHEREVER

The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME I | New York, Saturday, December 26, 1914 | NUMBER 8

IF men must hate, it is perhaps just as well that they should make no Christmas truce, that the stench of battle should rise above the churches where they preach good-will to men. A few carols, a little incense and some tinsel will heal no wounds; a love that men have not yet learned to live for they will not create by celebrating its glory. Yet as they turn away from their devotions this Christmas time, sick with the irony of it all, facing, it may be, another year of war and the revengeful decades that may follow, they will not long admit that they are beaten. The festival, so empty to-day that it jeers at us, may still appear like a finely-wrought chalice fit to contain a splendid wine. It is a reminder of the saying that there is a pathetic capacity in men to live nobly if only they would give one another the chance.

WE publish this week as Part II of THE NEW REPUBLIC a description by Dr. John Andrews of a national system of labor exchanges, the first of a series of expert studies designed to supplement the running comment of our ordinary columns. In working week by week all journals face the difficulty of handling any one subject with sufficiently comprehensive detail to make the results available for the immediate test of practical life. A weekly like THE NEW REPUBLIC is not a technical magazine in which specialists work out their intimate problems. It is rather a representative of the layman who meets the expert, acknowledges him, and endeavors to relate his work to the larger issues and more generalized business of ordinary living. For example, we have repeated insistently that a national system of labor exchanges is the way to begin an organization of the labor market, and that without such organization unemployment will be permanently baffling. But we have not the space to work out the details of such a system; moreover, even when expert knowledge is to be had, it is, as Dr. Andrews himself points out, not the whole of the story. Unemployment is treatment to be effective must rest on something more than a few generalities, it must work with the careful technique and the long experience which Dr. Andrews brings to the discussion. We offer his study as a part of this journal, not only to perform what seems to us a useful and timely service, but to present an example of the kind of effort which should lie behind the agitation of reform.

NO matter how sincerely desirous a President may be to cooperate with Congress, the time always comes when the interests of his great constituency oblige him to enter into a fight with one or both branches of the legislative body. Perhaps that time has come for Mr. Wilson. The Senate has begun to reject his nominations for certain offices, not because they are unfit, but because the nominees are not expressly approved by the Senators from those states in which the patronage is situated. The newspapers declare that the President does not intend to yield. He certainly ought not to yield, for he is fighting in a good cause, but good as is the cause, he will have to be something more than a good fighter in order to win. No President has ever succeeded in persuading or forcing the Senate to accept Presidential appointments against the will of a reluctant Senator. On other questions the Senate may be an irresolute and a discordant body; but in the matter of defending its illicit control over government patronage, it is as resolute and united as a regiment of German soldiers. All differences of party, of section, of social training and of economic interest are wiped out by the terrifying threat of Presidential freedom of appointment. On this question the Republican Senator votes with his Democratic enemy, the immaculate Progressive with the grimy Penrose, the farmer from North Dakota with the manufacturer from Pittsburgh, and the eulogist of Jefferson with the biographer of Hamilton. They are all brothers in patronage. President Wilson knows how to fight with courage and tenacity, but if he proposes to see

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THE unanimity which is shown by the Senate in defending its control over patronage is a most formidable fact. When a body of men who are divided one from another in every other conceivable respect unite and remain united upon a single question, that question evidently involves one of those issues which lie almost too deep for words. The issue involved by the present fight is the fundamental one of administrative independence. The American bi-partisan democracy has since the days of Jackson always disliked and resented any assumption of independence on the part of administrative officials. It has always been morbidly afraid of the gradual creation of an official class, which would escape popular control; and the system of rotation in office and Congressional nomination of Federal appointments was invented for the purpose of reducing to a minimum the possible independence of the administration. During a period when democracy was essentially local and partisan in its nature and when administration was not primarily a matter of expert training, this method of democratizing the administration had certain advantages. But during a period in which the party organizations have ceased to be representative of popular aspirations, and when administration is becoming increasingly scientific in its standards and methods, the old system of appointment has lost its propriety.

What the system means now is the partial subjugation of the Federal administrative system to merely local interests and needs. Just as Congress log-rolls in order to secure local appropriations, so it log-rolls with greater effectiveness in order to control local appointments. The official who owes his appointment to a Senator rather than to the President will be far more solicitous to please his unofficial than his official master; and the Senate is fighting at the present time for precisely this right to interfere with the administration and divide its allegiance. The only hope of the organization of an administrative system adequate to the more exacting needs of the future depends upon the destruction of Congressional influence upon administrative officials. President Wilson is too well-informed a student of American politics not to understand the importance of the issue, but he also must understand the strength of the opposition. He must know that he has arrayed against him both the Congressional and the two-party system, as well as strong local prejudices and interests. He cannot carry this fight through without becoming as alienated from Congress as were Presidents Cleveland and Roosevelt. But he needs Congressional cooperation for his legislative program, and in the long run he is not likely to assume any attitude with

LET us not be discouraged about low wages in America. What though half our working girls can barely maintain life? What though many unskilled workmen fail to support themselves even with the work of daughters and perhaps of wives? Conditions are improving. For, according to Professor Frank Frost Abbott of Princeton University, wages were still lower in the age of Diocletian. The unskilled workman of the year 301 A.D. earned only fifteen cents a day and even the house-painter had to content himself with a beggarly wage of forty-three cents. Prices also were lower, to be sure, for beef and mutton cost less than five cents a pound and eggs could be bought for five cents a dozen; still, conditions were undoubtedly worse. If then, in the short space of 1611 years we have advanced so far, may we not hope that in another 1611 years, say by December, 3525, we may have at last reached a stage where we can confidently look forward to a gradual approach through the millenniums to a real living wage?

THE New York *Sun* published this week some correspondence from Rome in regard to the Pope, which is interesting even if it is untrue. It is reported that the Catholic emperor of Austria-Hungary may be excommunicated for making an alliance with the Moslem caliph who has declared a holy war on Christianity. It must be a difficult situation for the Pope. Francis Joseph is the only Roman Catholic left at the head of a Great Power in Europe, and he finds himself fighting on the side of the Moslems against the Christians of the near East. All this is somewhat complicated by the persistent rumor that Great Britain is again to send an Ambassador to the Holy See. It would be interesting if the excommunication followed, for it would show us Protestant England, which rules Egypt and India, whispering to the Pope that he should defend the faith. We are happy to reflect that the tangle is not for us to unravel, and we leave it with the reflection that while religion may count in diplomacy, religion certainly does not guide it.

ABSOLUTE Prohibitionists are said to take great comfort from the fact that though their amendment failed to muster the necessary two-thirds, it did receive a majority vote in the House. Let them not base too many hopes on the Hobson's choice which the Representatives faced. Those poor bewildered men had to choose between voting for the ill-considered, panic-stricken tyranny of a minority, and laying themselves open to the charge that they were supporting the liquor interests. On one side all the emotions of home, purity, and mother; on the other, the sinister lobbying of Dem-

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task of meeting a complex problem with intelligence. Using this dilemma as its weapon, it is not difficult for a persistent group of Prohibitionists to stampede a legislature against its instinct and its good sense. For to oppose prohibition in the United States is to run counter to a sulky vein of Puritanism which succeeds in befogging every "moral" question with the blankest unreason. It is so much easier to pass a sweeping law than to consider the enormous problem of regulating personal habits; it is so much easier to legislate goodness than to achieve it. But in a democracy it is futile, for no law so intimate in its effect can achieve anything but dishonesty and evasion if it is imposed against the real assent of an overwhelming public opinion.

DURING all the discussion over the military unpreparedness of the United States, the aspect of our national policy which does most to disqualify this country from fighting under any circumstances has been wholly ignored. We refer to the Federal system of military pensions. A nation which has not fought an important war during forty-nine years and which is still paying approximately $160,000,000 a year to its surviving veterans and their widows—such a nation simply cannot afford to go to war. Modern warfare is costly enough in material, equipment and all manner of preparation, but if to these necessary costs is added the obligation of a service pension, the nation would gradually be drained of its economic vitality for the benefit of a comparatively small class. People with an aroused social conscience object to war not merely because it brings with it so much agony and brutality but because it diverts to essentially wasteful purposes the product of so much good human labor. Our pension laws raise this wasteful diversion of American labor to the highest available power, and as in other cases of economic waste, the excessive costs are only the outward sign of a grave spiritual disability. By practically declaring that American citizens must be bribed with partial subsequent support for having served their country, they imply a moral unpreparedness for war far more dangerous and less remedial than any lack of physical preparation. Of course neither these physical nor moral disabilities would prevent the American nation from going to war on any sufficient provocation, but under the circumstances the economic and social consequences of such a step are nothing less than terrifying.

KINDNESS of heart is certainly never to be chided, but has not someone spoken of the danger that in excess of virtue lies? The recurring discussion of the use of force takes us back to ten-

kill an insect," says the author of this semi-autobiography. "He did not like to do so, he often told me. 'If we think evil of insects, what will they think of us?' he said to me once. As for myself, I have never killed an insect knowingly in all my life. My house for so long has been the wide world, that I can afford to look leniently on all other inmates, animal or human. Four walls coffin the human sympathies." For those of us whose hands are imbued in the blood of countless mosquitoes, this standard seems to put Mr. MacGill on a pinnacle almost alone. What would he think of a callous country whose motto is "swat the fly"? But the rich humor of Mr. MacGill's philosophy is not best tested by references to the Hackensack meadows. It needs to be lined up with Mr. Roosevelt's startling tales of those Brazilian insects that develop the ill-bred habit of dining on his shoes and socks.

THE late Mark Twain proved from statistics that the only safe place to live is on a railroad train running sixty miles an hour and that the most dangerous place in the world is in bed. The number of deaths upon railroad trains is small; you may travel no one knows how many hundreds of millions of miles before, on the law of probabilities, your train dashes over an embankment, whereas the number of deaths occurring in bed is simply appalling. By much the same use of statistics, opponents of workmen's compensation seek to prove that if you want industrial accidents, all you need do is to compensate for them. Enact a good law and your accidents increase. They quote the recent report of the Bureau of Labor Statistics to show that during the last five years the number of Federal employees insured by the government increased only 20% (from 82,650 to a trifle over 100,000), while the number of reported accidents increased 122.7% and the amount of compensation paid, 6%. But does this show that there are more accidents, or merely that more accidents are reported? Moreover, the figures when analyzed are not really portentous, for in the fiscal year 1913 the total cost of compensation was under $400,000, or less than eight cents per week per employee insured.

SAYS Mr. George W. Perkins to the National Civic Federation, "Before laboring men had the advantages of our broad educational system, before they could think well, could reason well, they approached the subject of wages about like this: 'We are getting $2.00 a day. We would like $2.25 a day, and we are going to strike for it.' And they did. When they got it, the $2.25 looked good

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the laborer does finally begin "to think well," "to reason well," he will not ask for higher wages, but will content himself with a share of the profits, if there are any, and that share will not be determined by strikes but by an employer, who presumably will also have had "the advantages of our broad educational system." Of course before any profits at all are made, fixed charges must be met, and these fixed charges will be based upon a capitalization, fair or excessive, but over which in any case the wage-earner has no control. If there are no profits, or seem to be none, the wage-earner naturally loses his share. We doubt therefore whether laborers will not continue to prefer their present ignorance and their strikes for higher wages, to shadowy profits which may never eventuate.

AN idea persists that Harry K. Thaw does wrong in using his wealth to hire lawyers who can take advantage of the law's technicalities. It may be worth remembering that Thaw is making a fight for his life, and that if society is foolish enough to leave great wealth in his hands, foolish enough to swaddle justice in legalism, it is expecting a good deal of Harry Thaw to ask that he should proclaim himself a social reformer.

The Radical

THERE seems to be a point in some people's lives where they see in a flash the uselessness and horror of poverty. They may for years have felt a certain pity for the poor, and known in a leisurely, abstract way that poverty was a "problem." It was a subject to be considered along with civil service reform, boy scouts, and Ibsen. Then suddenly, perhaps for reasons too intimate for analysis, the idea of what poverty means begins to burn into them, they are tortured with the thought of it, they can no longer be easygoing about it, they resent it and hate it and want to end it. The feeling goes deeper than their reason, draws upon desire within them that is stronger than theory, and makes the war on poverty the central passion of their lives. Every bedraggled slum they visit is a personal horror, every record of wretched wages and overwork and under-nourishment becomes part of their own indictment against society. And all those who do not feel as they feel appear to them to be seeing the world through an intermediate veil.

They snatch at hope. When the desire to do has become strong enough, obstacles seem small; the difference between what is possible and what is impossible sinks out of sight, and the mind will endure no interruption in its course from the horror of what exists to the promise of what should be. can command them. The reason why socialism is capturing the ablest and most imaginative students in colleges to-day is that socialism alone seems to have the evil thoroughly in mind, and to offer a way out of it. It has literally no competitors. In the ordinary courses on economics the pupil is taught a great deal more about what cannot be done than about what can be. In the ordinary speeches of politicians he hears almost nothing about the things he most wishes to hear about. In the ordinary newspaper he finds either silence or platitudes about the poor. Of course he turns to socialism, and because he finds in it a large and generous and sensitive scheme of reconstruction, it commands his loyalty.

He goes about preaching it, and for the most part he is able to annihilate the objections which other people raise. The real gulf, however, is not one theory, but of will and desire. The bent of all his prejudices is determined by his revulsion against existing facts, and by his faith that they can be changed. But the people he meets do not have this revulsion, feel only in a faint way about these facts, and are not preoccupied with changing them. They are busy with other things; the propagandist's voice seems shrill to them, and it does become shrill in its desperate effort to break through their indifference. A creed reiterated too often becomes mechanical, a belief battered against brute opposition hardens and becomes inflexible.

Then, if the propagandist sets out to apply his theory, he meets the relentless complexity of the real world. No theory fits the world snugly. Every theory is too simple, and every scheme must be distorted and compromised in its realization. He has to choose between the symmetry of his idea and the intractable nature of the facts. He begins to see that anything so vast as a reconstruction of society can only be accomplished by an immense number of little steps, a constant readjustment of theory, and a depressing amount of compromise. The dilemma is a hard one. If he clings to his well-ordered doctrine he must insulate himself against experience, and he becomes a doctrinaire, becomes that terrible nuisance, a man with a fixed idea who is incapable of learning, and he gives up his effort to change the world in order to coddle his theory.

Yet if he faces the facts and sets about loyally adjusting himself to them, he may easily be smothered in detail. Little questions of procedure absorb him, technique perhaps fascinates him, and he becomes utterly impatient of the people who think that big changes can be easily made. Instead of a doctrinaire, he may become a specialist who is grudging, niggardly, and complacent. He, too,

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He settles down into some expert job, and the fighting impulse dies.

The hardest of all attitudes to achieve is a continuous desire expressing itself in varied forms. But that is just what the war on poverty requires. It requires people who can abandon a theory without losing their purpose, who are loyal to their end and opportunist about their means. The moment there is confusion between instruments and ends, between what you want to achieve and the way it is to be achieved, danger sets in. Stake passion on a creed, passion will die with the creed. The history of disillusionment is the history of those who identify the failure of an idea with the failure of a purpose. For if you sentimentalize a doctrine, you risk more upon it than it is worth; and the secret of abiding faith is a readiness to abandon its instruments.

There lies most of the difficulty between some radicals and others. Working on the same impulse but on different theories, they find themselves in irreconcilable opposition. Out of it arises that curse of reform, the creation of pig-headed sects, each bent on doing a thing in a particular way or not at all, each forgetting that the only element in all their doctrines which is not open to doubt and experiment is the passion which inspires them.

Here, too, lies the real difference between the liberal and the stand-patter, between those who care and seek to find a way, and those who don't care and object to any way. To the man who hesitates because he sees real difficulties in a plan, every one owes the most honest attention. There are difficulties, and it is stupid to shirk them. But the trouble is that so many intellectual scruples are really only the cloak of indifference or laziness or private interest. Many a man conceals his lack of good-will by the appearance of nice discrimination, and what looks like a thoughtful hesitation is really blunt obstruction. With him a conflict of will is inevitable, and no compromise is possible short of a spiritual conversion. He and you want different things, and though you two appear to argue about ideas, you are bound to beat against each other because your purposes are opposed.

But men and women who are agreed on the ends, who really desire to carry on a crusade against poverty, can afford to search for varying methods without fundamental clash. Which road they take, how fast they travel, are of infinitely less importance than that they should take some road. For if the desire is there, freshly renewed, it can afford to try theories and abandon them, to experiment and fail, and the loss will not be serious. A mind determined to find a way goes on inventing, the springs of its energy flow. But a mind which lacks the desire to find a way will invent nothing will ob-

Peace and Publicity

SINCE the war began, a sharp difference of opinion has emerged in respect to the probable effects of "pitiless publicity" on peace. According to European pacifist democrats, full publicity in the conduct of foreign policy constitutes an indispensable obstacle to war. Yet many American pacifists, who also have been fastening the responsibility for Armageddon upon secret diplomacy, are now favoring the discouragement of publicity in the interest of peace. The publicity which they wish to discourage is only indirectly connected with diplomacy; but the principle is the same. They are just as much afraid as a foreign diplomat of a full and candid public ventilation of questions involving the momentous issues of peace and war.

While much difference of opinion has existed among doctrinaire pacifists about the causes of the war, they all united in denouncing secret diplomacy. They all agreed that the war was contrived as the result of diplomatic intrigue, and that its calamities could have been averted if only popular opinion had been fully informed as to the course and the exigency of the negotiations. How far such ventilation of questions of foreign policy was to be carried has not been definitely stated, but it must certainly require the publication of the reports of diplomatic agents and their full discussion in the legislative assembly and in the press.

Although the United States has never become as deeply involved in secret diplomacy as have the European nations, a similar practice has existed in this country. Our diplomatic agents are responsible immediately to the Secretary of State and ultimately to the President. The President is independent of Congress, and he has always insisted upon his right to withhold from Congress papers or information whose publication would, in his opinion, be prejudicial to the public interest. No President has availed himself more liberally of this right than has President Wilson. From the beginning of the Mexican difficulty the information on which the President has been acting has been kept as secret as it would have been in Germany or Russia. The files of the State Department must contain a large number of consular and other reports which, if published, would help public opinion to understand what the conditions in Mexico really are; but none of them has been allowed to see the light. At the same time, the President's friends have resented criticism of his Mexican policy as a kind of national disloyalty. They have tried to discourage the public discussion of the situation on the ground that it embarrassed him in dealing with its appalling difficulties.

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been prompted by an anxious desire to avoid war with Mexico. The President has failed to take the public into his confidence because the revelation of what occurred and was still occurring might arouse hostility to Mexico and help the advocates of intervention to force his hand, as President McKinley's hand was forced in the spring of 1898. In this as in other cases, responsible public officials who have to deal with the issues of peace and war almost always behave as if peace depended upon secrecy, and as if the one sure way to provoke war is to alarm and inflame public opinion by a full disclosure of the facts.

Ever since the agitation over American military unpreparedness began, many American pacifists have displayed for similar reasons a similar dislike of "pitiless publicity." They opposed a thorough investigation of the weakness of our present military establishment because they dreaded the possible effect on public opinion of a translation of the facts into newspaper headlines. They denounced the agitation of this dangerous subject, particularly at the present time, as unnecessary and unpatriotic. They declared in substance that the best way to get rid of the baleful agitation was to safeguard its provocation. Back of their attitude was a profound suspicion of American public opinion and of its liability to hysterical eruptions. If publicity endangered peace, they were for peace rather than publicity.

In truth neither publicity nor secrecy offers any guarantee of peace. A responsible executive is sometimes obliged to refuse information to the public because he realizes both that the facts may be perverted or misinterpreted, and that their publication may start an unmanageable wave of popular fear or anger. If the dispatches contained in the first part of the French Yellow Book had been published in 1913, when they were written, would they not have tended to precipitate rather than to postpone war? Yet those dispatches depicted truthfully the dangerous state of mind which was gathering in Germany; and the French nation was exceptionally well served by diplomatic agents who saw the truth so clearly and reported it so dispassionately. As long as nations are potential enemies and cherish aggressive designs against one another, peace will depend sometimes upon disclosing facts and sometimes on suppressing them. Calculated indiscretion has always been one of the devices of secret diplomacy, and the power to decide whether discretion or indiscretion is the better part of policy must always be left to a few trusted executive officials.

Nevertheless in a democracy the presumption is always against the man or the system which seeks to attain a public good by the road of secrecy. Publicity is not the indispensable safeguard of peace, [illegible] institu[illegible]

essential leaven of a democratic nation. In any democracy there will always be agencies of publicity, such as the Hearst newspapers in this country, which will seek systematically to use sensational and damaging facts as a means of public intoxication, and the best way of providing against this poisoning of the wells of public opinion is a serious question which has never been sufficiently considered. Yet of one truth there can be no doubt. Useful immediate results, such as the preservation of peace, may sometimes be attained by the suppression of facts and the prevention of public agitation, but a democratic society in which such a suppression is frequently or persistently necessary is an inferior or a deteriorating democracy. A democracy must in the long run take the risk of publishing all the dangerous and disagreeable facts and agitating all the doubtful questions. It may make more mistakes as the result of "pitiless publicity," but the great object of such a society should not be the impossible one of avoiding mistakes. Its great object should be that of learning as much as possible from both its successes and failures, and in the absence of thorough publicity its experience can never obtain this desirable and essential educational value.

Crime and Punishment

AMONG all the novels about murder the most salient is probably Dostoevsky's "Crime and Punishment." In that great novel, written by a man who had endured prison life and who knew at close range the criminal and the insane, the punishment of the murderer is his murder. In the end Raskolnikoff invites justice himself and seeks peace in expiating his crime, but the reader feels, and is intended to feel, that the worst penalty of his heartless act is his own piercing realization of it. For him the wages of sin is something worse than death.

A generation or two ago the stern voice of the Old Testament was often heard in English fiction, but of recent years nothing has been more frequent than the accent of commiseration and pity. Men of action like Rudyard Kipling keep up the tradition of the Day of Judgment, the march of inexorable law, but much more characteristic is the note of John Galsworthy in plays like "Justice" and "Strife." In all of Mr. Galsworthy's work, indeed, there is almost a monotonous recurrence of the contrast between the definite masterful, disciplinarian type of the older generation and the agnostic, reflective, indulgent type of the new. The humanitarian tendency or bias comes out in everything that Mr. Galsworthy has to say about the ruling

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the cruelty of "letting the law take its course." He does not emphasize, any more than Tolstoy or Dostoevsky emphasized, man's strong tendency to evil. He emphasizes, on the contrary, man's never-dying tendency to good; and the dominant appeal of his art is an appeal to sympathy and understanding.

This appeal, on the whole, finds response among people in America. In no other country is lynching so possible, and in this country, certainly, there are robustly vengeful citizens who seem to rejoice in the extreme reprisals of the law. But despite this evidence of red-blooded enthusiasm for punishment, there is a powerful latent mercifulness, an almost incorrigible tendency to forgive. Even among persons who are quick to demand instant "justice," a miscarriage of the law is felt to be acutely tragic, and popular sympathy is apt to rush to anyone whose lawyers can raise a reasonable doubt. Americans have not the stolid respect for the law that is characteristic of Britons. Their attitude is far more personal. And even when they know that a man is guilty, they tend, on reflection, to seek mitigating circumstances and to be imaginatively rather than legally reasonable. If the men are, as a rule, "red-bloods," the women are preponderately "mollycoddle." It is they especially who espouse the humanitarian code of Mr. Galsworthy and who believe most earnestly that Dostoevsky understood his murderer's soul.

There are times, however, when it is fair to question whether this psychology for the guilty is not too simple. When a sensitive and introspective human being commits a crime—such a human being as Raskolnikoff—it is certain that no external punishment can afflict him as much as his own conscience. His conscience may, in reality, be a creation of human society, but it is not the direct attitude of society that causes him to suffer. It is guilt, self-accusation, remorse. But if there is anything certain in this world, it is that all creatures are not sensitive and introspective, all equally possessed of "conscience" and equally alive to guilt. From the standpoint of those who desire justice, it is comforting to believe that its process is automatic, that even if society does nothing conscience will be at work and the law of compensation will be fulfilled. But one has only to remember the terrible ironies to which Thomas Hardy has devoted a lifetime of observation, to realize the falsity of this comfort, and to step out from the warmth of *laissez-faire* to the cold world of injustices and complaisances, of liberties that nothing but vigilance preserves.

Last week a man was tried in New York State for the shooting of his son-in-law, who had seduced his daughter. He was acquitted of murder or manslaughter on some unintelligible point of unwritten man came to give evidence. Resisting her father's embraces in the courtroom, she still testified in order to save him, though she made it clear to everyone that she loved the man who had been killed. Her father confessed he was drunk when he killed the youth, but he said the youth was of evil life, and this allegation, tending to give horror to the seduction, probably weighed greatly with the jury. At any rate, they acquitted him, amid the cheers of a friendly crowd.

So long as one could assume ordinary human comprehensions on the part of the acquitted man, this verdict need not seem dead loss. In some ways it approximates the ideal of many people, leaving the culprit to his own conscience. But even if this is pure romanticism, the acquittal could be condoned if the trial had made some effect. Hear, however, some reflections of the exonerated citizen, imparted to a reporter of the *World:*

"This is without doubt the merriest and happiest Christmas of my life. True, my daughter is not herself, but I guess she will be all right in a few days. * * * Do I think she saved my life? Why, no! I am sure that even without her help I would have been acquitted. You see, I did not know what I was doing; so how could I have been guilty? Anna knew she had disgraced us and so she wished to do all that lay in her power to atone.

"While I certainly would undo my act if it lay in my power, I feel sure Anna will be happier with us than if she were the wife of Eugene Newman. Marriages of that kind always end in misery, whereas now she will just take up the threads of her former life and be happy. She intends to resume her music. She is a splendid pianist. When she recovers her health all will be as before.

"I never said I was going to sign a pledge never to drink again. I always have drunk like a gentleman.

"Has my daughter forgiven me? What do you mean? What has she to forgive? Our relations are most loving. She was always a most obedient child—quiet, unexpressive, but with a sweet disposition. I could not understand her disobeying us the way she did by going with this boy and marrying him in view of our expressed objections. But now that is all over, and she is again our sweet loving daughter."

The daughter, according to the reporter, is completely crushed. She loved her husband, but she guesses her parents knew best, for "see what her disobedience has done."

"Nobody has any right to be ashamed of human nature," says Arnold Bennett; "human nature *is*." With this truism only a theorist would quarrel. But although it

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Contemplating a fellow creature like this, is our word one of compensation? In this case it was the duty of citizenship to effect compensation, a duty in which it blindly failed. There is something too human in such blindness to justify contempt; but it makes us feel that the jury as well as the homicide need to be educated, need some searing application to themselves of the suffering they so cheerfully condone.

Wanted—An Immigration Policy

A FRIEND of ours, a comfortable otiose philosopher, languidly expatiates upon the folly of answering letters. "Lay them away in the drawer," he advises, "and after a month or perhaps six months they will all have answered themselves."

In much the same spirit our Congressmen now assembled at Washington are advised that no immigration policy is necessary, that if they will but leave the pending Immigration Bill alone, they will not have abjured labor in vain. The immigration question, left to itself, will answer itself. The alien will become an American, the capables absorbed into our national organism, the incapables rejected or excreted. Moreover, the countries from which our migrants come will gradually lose their surplus of men, and immigration will cease without legislation as our own westward migration to an ever receding frontier ceased of itself when our free lands became exhausted.

This theory of an automatic drying up of the sources of immigration has been emphasized more strongly than ever since the outbreak of the war. Already the westward tide ebbs, and in October only 30,000 immigrant aliens arrived as compared with 134,000 in October of last year. If the war lasts a year or more, millions will be killed by wounds, famine and disease, and other millions will be permanently incapacitated.

But even though population does decline, it does not follow that the emigrating impulse will be lessened. The rapid decrease in the Irish population during the half century after the famine did not retard but actually accelerated the emigration. It is not from countries with lessened populations but from countries with lessened economic opportunities that emigration proceeds. And it is exactly this lessening of economic opportunities that we have to fear as a result of the war. The delicate, intricate industrial system by which we all live will be deranged. Capital will be dissipated, credit shattered, and whole trades, the learning of which later the sudden replacement of millions of wage-earners.

If then, as is to be feared, new armies of ragged and unemployed men are to be enrolled as soon as the armies in uniform are disbanded, if wages fall and life becomes insecure, the outward pressure upon the huge wage-earning populations of Europe will be overwhelming, and those who have the means will seek to emigrate. There will be restless millions of former wage-earners in whom the fierce emotions of war have made an end to all those industrial ambitions and acquiescences so habitually ignored or disesteemed, and yet vitally essential to the mere existence of society. Others, having lost their farms or their little shops and houses, or their wives and families, and still others who have had their country and their patriotism swept away from under their feet, in fact all who have had the thin thread of custom snapped, will be discontented and mobile. The world will be full of foot-loose adventurers, good and bad, filled with romantic illusions or else utterly disenchanted, and to these broken lives America will appeal with a freshness of attraction such as she has not possessed since the days of '48, when the defeated revolutionists of Germany turned westward to a land which to them embodied the liberal principles for which they had struggled, the land of freedom, the refuge of the oppressed and the defeated of all the world.

And recalling, as we must, this high reverence for the America of that day, and this ideal picture of her which may still be found in the hearts of boys risking their lives in the cold trenches—recalling this, does it seem sinister to close the doors upon this misery, to make the wretchedness of the European our excuse for debarring him? It may be sinister. Yet what else has been or can be the justification of that policy of self-defense which we seek to express in some adequate restriction or regulation of a swelling immigration? Wretchedness is infectious, and no contagion is more deadly than that of poverty. It is the poverty and the resourcelessness of the immigrant, which, handing him over to the exploiter, renders him so dangerous to himself and others. We need not enter upon the enumeration of that long calendar of social diseases—ignorance, congestion, low wages, long hours, political corruption, divided counsels and so many, many others, to the propagation of which the alien, especially when impoverished, so innocently contributes. To justify a policy of regulation we need only oppose the wisdom of facing problems concretely and courageously to the folly of leaving things as they are. If we are to protect ourselves and the immigrant from [illegible] the exploitation, impoverishment and a fierceness and

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the victim crushed and demoralized, if not actually dead, we must work out a statesmanlike policy of immigration, and end our listless method of sitting grandiloquently at the gate and letting all enter, irrespective of their needs or ours, provided only they have thirty dollars and ungranulated eyelids.

All of which does not mean that we favor the bill at present before Congress or even the principle of the literacy test. The value or valuelessness of such a test is a matter of proof, and the burden of such proof rests squarely upon its advocates. Is this test really a test? Is it truly selective of the best? Or is it merely repressive, like decimation, a cutting down of the number of immigrants without regard to merit or capacity, as a law excluding blonds or red-headed immigrants would cut down the number? Is illiteracy a real disqualification to an immigrant, and is it the fault of the immigrant, or is it a part of the very conditions from which he has the courage to flee?

We ask these questions without too definitely suggesting our answer. We do not, however, conceal our preference for some form of immigration policy larger, more constructive, more educative and human, and less rigidly restrictive than that which is now proposed. Such a policy as we have in mind would enable highly trained and highly paid government experts, resident in Europe, to meet the aspirant for immigration months or even years before he started on his travels, and it would keep the government in touch with him during a period not less than five years after his immigration, and perhaps during the entire course of his alienship. In other words, the plan which we should like to see elaborated is a Federal system of supervision of the alien, of advice, of protection, of education, based upon his special needs and his peculiar legal status, a system for his benefit, and incidentally for the benefit of the rest of us, a system supported by special taxes paid by aliens, and also, if desirable, by contributions out of the general treasury. Such a system could be rendered workable by lengthening to five years the period during which the government has the right to deport, though in our opinion this right should in each case be subject to an appeal by the alien to the courts. Given this right, however, the Federal government might exercise over the immigrant the same sort of benevolent guardianship that the state now exercises over the legal infant. Not only could it provide special facilities for his education, but it could make the acquisition of a certain amount of knowledge necessary for success in America a condition of his continued stay in the country. It might advise the alien in every stage of his career, establish interstate employment bureaus, and constitute itself a clearing house for in-

tempted to go. It could do much to prevent the extortion and exploitation of the immigrant, and it could diminish that unequal distribution of aliens which leads to congestion, unemployment, and the aggravation of many social evils. It would enable the nation to be a friend and adviser to the man or woman who above all other men and women in the world most needs friendship and advice.

We do not pretend that such an immigration policy, establishing a more permanent and definite relation between the alien and the government, could be established on the spur of the moment, nor without careful study. But the plan here sketched is at least in harmony with our present tendency towards an increase in Federal responsibility, and whether or not we apply tests of eligibility to the arriving immigrant, we shall not long be able to evade what may be called an internal immigration policy, a policy of promoting an adjustment between the aliens resident in our country and the economic and social conditions which surround them.

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EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY — WALTER LIPPMANN
PHILIP LITTELL — FRANCIS HACKETT
WALTER E. WEYL — CHARLOTTE RUDYARD

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London's Imagination in War-Time

IN one of Hans Andersen's fairy-stories the hero, an enthusiast for the "good old times," finds himself suddenly transported to a medieval city and has the opportunity to realize something of its disadvantages. So it has been with London during recent weeks, since the ha'penny press took the "German-invasion" scare to its bosom and induced the city fathers to reduce the streets to semi-darkness. That London has not protested more loudly is due not at all to any real fear of Zeppelin bombardment, but entirely to the democratic anxiety to be "in the movement."

No Londoner is really afraid of Zeppelins. He knows for one thing that were there any real danger, the order to darken the streets would have come not from the civilian but from the military authorities. As a matter of well known fact, not Lord Kitchener but the London County Council was responsible for the mildly absurd attempt to hide London; and, worthy body as it is, no one regards it seriously as an authority on home defense. Nor, again, is any Londoner likely to fear Zeppelins while he regards with equanimity the far more deadly danger of motor-buses careering through dimly lighted streets.

The real reason why London welcomes the Zeppelin scare, just as it welcomes the German spy scare, is that it has a purely theatrical idea of the meaning of war. It has known nothing of invaders or invasion since the days of William the Conqueror; it realizes that it has but the smallest chance of being invaded during the present war and, at the bottom of its heart, it is a wee bit disappointed—not in individual cases, but in that great mob-consciousness which has so little to do with the feelings of the individual. From the drab monotony of long years of peace—so one may imagine the soul of London arguing—the world has suddenly awakened to the fiery intoxication of war; if I, drabbest of all peace-cities, am to be denied any nearer view of it, let me at least make pretense. And, accordingly, corporately the Londoner does things of which individually he realizes the absurdity.

Few things, for example, have caused greater satisfaction than the provision of sandbags. A popular rumor has it that Buckingham Palace has almost disappeared in a burrow of sandbags, sky-directed, and that the royal family live twilight days in the cellars. It is the simplest of excursions to prove for yourself that Buckingham Palace stands where it did stand, and that royalty goes unarmored about its daily business. But that does not prevent all loyal subjects from concentrating their attention on the sandbagging of their own roofs. A comic paper recently produced a picture of an East-End [illegible] was to invade the dullest suburbs. It is true that to bed in the dark, for fear, as she says, "of attracting airships." And I know another small householder who asked a jobbing gardener for an estimate of the expense of covering her roof—it happens to be flat—with garden-mold, as sandbags were so expensive.

It is a curious fact that neither householder—nor, I expect, the "British Museum" gentlemen either—had the faintest expectation that a Zeppelin would ever attempt to drop bombs on his roof. They had, on the contrary, absolute faith in the defensive measures taken by His Majesty's forces, and were you so much as to hint at possible reverses, would probably fall upon you *vi et armis*. But they scent a possible excitement, of which, fortunately for themselves, they can never realize the painfulness, and if they may not actually share in it, they unconsciously do all that they may to simulate the feeling. In the same way, despite the anguished appeals of shopkeepers to buy early in the day, now that illuminants are so strictly limited, your true London housewife shops the more determinedly after dark. It may be inconvenient to do your purchasing in shrouded gloom; it is quite delightfully exciting.

The outburst of spy mania, for which the Londoner has been so unjustly blamed by the uninstructed, is only another phase of the same thing. Your Londoner is not at all afraid of spies—he has been rubbing shoulders with foreigners all his life and has found them altogether human. But your "foreign emissary" is not at all human; he is an idea; he is almost an ideal. For half a century at least he has been the most popular figure of cheap literature and the cheaper drama; an unearthly figure, it is true, constructed on the ruins of the simple villain of the old Transpontine drama. He has always been dark and moustached and svelte and aristocratic, usually a count; and he has always made a handsome living by stealing mysterious documents of incalculable value and selling them mysteriously to mysteriously unnamed powers. He has earned his immense popularity by lightening whole millions of otherwise dull lives; he has been loved of many, but he has never been feared at all. That was inevitable, for to end the story or the drama happily, his machinations must be brought to naught by the young British hero, usually a naval officer with a love affair.

When, therefore, the press came out with alarmist statements that London was honeycombed—a favorite word, that—with German and Austrian spies, London prepared itself for a delightful thrill. The footlights were to be done away with, romance

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creature supposed that he could possibly steal documents from the War Office, or that he would know what to do with them if he could. But even upon a foundation so unpromising it was possible to build up quite an imposing superstructure of romance. Accordingly the Teuton barber or baker was dragged from his shop and set to work upon the most amazing adventures. He was to poison waterworks; to dynamite underground railways; to infect the milk-supply with typhoid germs; to rise in his millions all over England, ready-provided with uniforms and Mausers and *pickelhaubes*. He was to kidnap King George, to shanghai Lord Kitchener. He was the "Foreign Danger," the "Enemy in Our Midst," the "Evil That Walks by Night."

Perhaps one sane person in a million seriously believed these things. (I except the newspaper reporters, who have their living to make, and, as we know, never write what they do not believe.) The rest of England set valiantly to work to convince themselves and each other and enjoyed it. You might have no personal feelings against your neighbor who was unlucky enough to have a German-sounding name; you might even go on buying your bread from him or being shaved by him; but there was always the glorious "if." What if his bedroom were full of bombs? What if he had a fully equipped wireless installation in the third floor back? What if his cellar was packed with machine guns or smallpox bacilli? It was your duty—the daily press was never tired of telling you so—to denounce him at once to the police. And you did. If he happened to be as English as yourself in all but name it was his business to prove it. You at least had done your duty; and during the half hour while you were concocting your letter to Scotland Yard you topped the very mountain-peaks of rapturous romance.

You must know your Londoner very well indeed to understand him, and accordingly the acutest foreign observers have been altogether at sea in their diagnosis of post-war-declaration London. London is neither panic-stricken at the thought of Zeppelins nor panic-enraged by the supposed iniquities of spies. The one imperative need for every true Cockney, a need more pressing than that of bread, is for something that will put a little rose-color into the dun clouds of day-by-day existence, that will set him on speaking terms with romance. Other great cities feel the same need, though proportionately the less as they are themselves less great and less gray. The Zeppelin and the spy are to the Londoner God-given opportunities. Can you blame him that he enjoys them to the very full while he may?

OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER.

Five Weeks of War in the East

FOR Americans the best parallel for the second German offensive operation in Poland is the Battle of Chancellorsville. In that Civil War combat, it will be recalled that Lee, hopelessly outnumbered by Hooker, won a triumph of considerable proportions by sending Jackson from his own right flank straight across the whole front of the Union Army and throwing him against the right and rear of Hooker, crumpling up the Federal force, and ultimately compelling its retirement beyond the Rapidan and the collapse of the second great offensive toward Richmond.

On a tremendously magnified scale this was the operation undertaken by Von Hindenburg in Poland, which is still continuing when this review is written. When the German movement began, one Russian army was inside the German frontier in East Prussia moving toward Koenigsberg. Two more were approaching Cracow far to the south, one moving west through Galicia, the other south through Poland. In addition Cossacks were again in Hungary, and so threatening had this invasion become that Austria was already recalling troops from Servia, whose departure presently made possible the great Servian victory of December.

The fourth Russian army, that against which Von Hindenburg directed his attack, was advancing along a broad front from the [illegible] the Warsaw-Frankfurt railroad, which crosses the Silesian frontier just west of Kalisz. To the north a small detachment of Cossacks had already penetrated into Posen, which for the first time in the great war was now invaded.

In this situation it was impossible for the Germans and their Austrian allies to meet all four Russian armies with equal numbers. It was impossible for them to meet the fourth or Polish army, advancing on the Frankfurt line with equal strength, but it was conceivable that by some combination Von Hindenburg might, as Lee did in Virginia, bring a superior number to a decisive point. It was vitally necessary that he should do this, because the onrush of all four Russian armies was now becoming exceedingly perilous to German fortunes in the east. But if he could decisively defeat the Polish army and drive it east, it was probable that the Russians would withdraw troops from Galicia and East Prussia to reinforce their defeated Polish army, and thus relieve pressure north and south and rescue Cracow, now on the point of investment.

What Von Hindenburg did was just this. His main army stood on the Silesian frontier facing Kalisz, with the Russian Polish army in front of it. Leaving a small force here, he put his masses on

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detrained them on a front just south of the Vistula and Thorn. Thence he marched them rapidly into Poland, striking southeast along the Thorn-Warsaw railroad. Precisely in the same way Jackson had moved across the whole front of Hooker's army.

Unlike the Union army in Virginia, the Russians were not surprised, but they had no immediate remedy. Railroads were lacking to them, the Germans at Thorn were nearer Warsaw than they were at Kalisz, and it was inevitable, therefore, that the Germans would get between the Czar's forces and Warsaw, cut their line of communications with the Polish capital, and threaten them on flank and rear. Still they retreated as swiftly as possible, followed by the German troops left in their front. When they had reached Lodz, half way between Warsaw and Kalisz, the inevitable had happened, and the Germans were swirling round their flank and in their rear, having broken through the thin line that defended the Russian flank between the Vistula and Lodz.

Substantially the same thing that happened to the Federal right at Chancellorsville now happened to the Russian right and centre about Lodz. They were threatened with destruction, swept back in a half circle away from Warsaw, and at the same time attacked in the front by the German troops advancing from Kalisz. But once more the enormous resources of Russia in numbers saved her from disaster. Gathering up all the garrison and reserve troops in Warsaw and the nearby fortresses, the Russians pushed a new army out from Warsaw which took the Germans in the rear. Thus by a sudden turn of fortune the Germans, who had half surrounded the Russians at Lodz, found themselves caught between the Russian troops in Lodz, and those coming along the Warsaw railroad and operating south of Lowicz and Skiorniewicz

A few days before, Berlin had claimed a decisive victory. Petrograd now began to talk of a German Sedan. But German military skill met the crisis, the gravest for Germany in the war. While the troops in the Russian net cut their way out to the north and west, new troops were hastily brought from Flanders and France to the danger point and covered the broken corps as they emerged from the Russian vise. Some of the most desperate and costly fighting of the war took place at this stage. But when it had terminated, Russians and Germans faced each other in a double line across Poland from the Vistula to Galicia, and the campaign resolved itself into a deadlock. The Russians, straightening out their line, evacuated Lodz and stood just west of the Warsaw-Cracow railroad.

The German offensive had thus failed to relieve pressure upon their armies in East Prussia and Galicia, and had won no decisive victory. So far the offensive had been a frightfully expensive and relatively unprofitable effort, for the conquest of Polish fields and cities was without military value. It was necessary to continue and to devise from the Western field, and thus compelled the surrender of the offensive in France and Flanders and the abandonment of the drive to Calais and the Channel.

The second plan was really a development of the first. The Russian troops drawn from Warsaw to save the Russians at Lodz were not very numerous. When the lines straightened out they became the right wing and stretched from the Vistula to Lowicz north of Lodz. By massing his new troops against this right Von Hindenburg might hope by sheer weight of numbers to force it back upon Warsaw, through Warsaw, and give his Emperor the Polish capital for a Christmas present. His success or failure would depend upon whether the Russians could concentrate enough troops at the danger point, and their means of transportation were incomparably less than the Germans'.

Accordingly the German drive along the south bank of the Vistula continued, pushed the Russians back, until on December 20 they stood at the Bzura River, about twenty miles from Warsaw, in the last defensive position west of the city. This river coming north enters the Vistula a little west of Socharew, which is on the Warsaw-Lodz railroad. In addition to the river the marshes in this region make the position strong for a defensive fight. Meanwhile from all available points reinforcements were being poured through Warsaw to the battle line, and it seemed unmistakable that if the Russians could hold on a day or two longer the second invasion of Poland, like the first, would fail almost within sight of the suburbs of the capital.

Warsaw captured, the Germans could expect the Russians to draw back along the front from the Carpathians to the Baltic, abandon the siege of Przemysl for the second time, retreat from Cracow. Already Berlin was celebrating the official announcement that the Russian invasion of Posen and Silesia was no longer to be feared. Warsaw in German hands might be the eastern outpost of the empire which had now made Antwerp a western bulwark. Russian retreat assured, troops might be sent back to the west to resume the offensive.

But if Warsaw did not fall, if Von Hindenburg had a second time to retreat, to go back over the wasted Polish lands now beaten upon by a northern winter, followed by fresh Russian masses, if a new invasion of Posen and Silesia were presently threatened and all the expenditure of life and material in this great invasion proved in vain, the German people would then have to face the grim prospect of a defensive fight on both frontiers, on the east inside their own frontier. New troops might have to be drawn from the west, the allied offensive in France and Belgium might prevail by sheer force of numbers.

Such, briefly, was the general character of the last six weeks of the Eastern campaign. In detail

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most famous strategic venture, when he took his army over the Alps, and, coming down on the Austrian rear, won Marengo. But actually the problem was one of transportation, more to be compared with the task of the operating department of a railroad than with the popular notion of military maneuver. The locomotive had replaced the war horse. FRANK H. SIMONDS.

Legendary John Reed

THOUGH he is only in his middle twenties and but five years out of Harvard, there is a legend of John Reed. It began, as I remember, when he proved himself to be the most inspired song and cheer leader that the football crowd had had for many days. At first there was nothing to recommend him but his cheek. That was supreme. He would stand up alone before a few thousand undergraduates and demonstrate without a quiver of self-consciousness just how a cheer should be given. If he didn't like the way his instructions were followed he cursed at the crowd, he bullied it, sneered at it. But he always captured it. It was a sensational triumph, for Jack Reed wasn't altogether good form at college. He came from Oregon, showed his feelings in public, and said what he thought to the club men who didn't like to hear it.

Even as an undergraduate he betrayed what many people believe to be the central passion of his life, an inordinate desire to be arrested. He spent a brief vacation in Europe and experimented with the jails of England, France, and Spain. In one Spanish village he was locked up on general principles, because the King happened to be passing through town that day. The next incident took place during the Paterson strike. Reed was in town less than twenty-four hours before the police had him in custody. He capped his arrest by staging the Paterson strike pageant in Madison Square Garden, and then left for Europe to live in a Florentine villa, where he was said to be hobnobbing with the illegitimate son of Oscar Wilde, and to be catching glimpses of Gordon Craig. He made speeches to Italian syndicalists and appointed himself to carry the greetings of the American labor movement to their foreign comrades. He bathed in a fountain designed by Michelangelo and became violently ill. He tried high romance in Provence. One night, so he says, he wrestled with a ghost in a haunted house, and was thrown out of bed.

He lived in those days by editing and writing for the *American Magazine*. But that allegiance couldn't last. Reed wasn't meant for sedate family life, and he broke away to join the staff of the "Masses." They advertised him as their jail editor, but as a matter of fact he was the managing editor, which even on the *Masses* carries with it a capitalists were fat, bald, and unctuous, that reformers were cowardly or scheming, that all newspapers are corrupt, that Victor Berger and the Socialist party and Samuel Gompers and the trade unions are a fraud on labor. He made an effort to believe that the working class is not composed of miners, plumbers and working men generally, but is a fine, statuesque giant who stands on a high hill facing the sun. He wrote stories about the night court and plays about ladies in kimonos. He talked with intelligent tolerance about dynamite, and thought he saw an intimate connection between the cubists and the I.W.W. He even read a few pages of Bergson.

But it was only a flirtation. Reed's real chance came when the *Metropolitan Magazine* sent him to Mexico. All his second-rate theory and propaganda seemed to fall away, and the public discovered that whatever John Reed could touch or see or smell he could convey. The variety of his impressions, the resources and color of his language seemed inexhaustible. The articles which he sent back from the border were as hot as the Mexican desert, and Villa's revolution, till then reported only as a nuisance, began to unfold itself into throngs of moving people in a gorgeous panorama of earth and sky. Reed loved the Mexicans he met, loved them as they were, marched with them, raided with them, danced with them, drank with them, risked his life with them. He had none of the condescension of the foreigner, no white man's superiority. He was not too dainty, or too wise, or too lazy. Mexicans were real people to him with whom he liked to be. He shared their hatred of the *cientificos*, he felt as they did about the church, and he wrote back to us that if the United States intervened to stop the revolution he would fight on Villa's side.

He did not judge, he identified himself with the struggle, and gradually what he saw mingled with what he hoped. Wherever his sympathies marched with the facts, Reed was superb. His interview with Carranza almost a year ago was so sensationally accurate in its estimate of the feeling between Carranza and Villa that he suppressed it at the time out of loyalty to the success of the revolution. But where his feeling conflicted with the facts, his vision flickered. He seems totally to have misjudged the power of Villa.

Reed has no detachment, and is proud of it, I think. By temperament he is not a professional writer or reporter. He is a person who enjoys himself. Revolution, literature, poetry, they are only things which hold him at times, incidents merely of his living. Now and then he finds adventure by imagining it, oftener he transforms his own experience. He is one of those people who treat as serious possibilities such stock fantasies as shipping before the mast, rescuing women, hunting lions, or trying to fly around the world in an aeroplane. He is the only fellow I know who gets him

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I can't think of a form of disaster which John Reed hasn't tried and enjoyed. He has half-spilled himself into commercialism, had his head turned by flattery, tried to act like a cynical war correspondent, posed as a figure out of Ibsen. But always thus far the laughter in him has turned the scale, his sheer exuberance has carried him to better loves. He is many men at once, and those who have tried to bank on some phase of him, to regard him as a writer, a correspondent, a poet, a revolutionist, or a lover, lose him. There is no line between the play of his fancy and his responsibility to fact; he is for the time the person he imagines himself to be.

Reed is one of the intractables, to whom the organized monotony and virtue of our civilization are unbearable. You would have to destroy him to make him fit. At times when he seemed to be rushing himself and others into trouble, when his ideas were especially befuddled, I have tried to argue with him. But all laborious elucidation he greets with pained boredom. He knows how to dismiss in a splendid flourish the creature

"Who wants to make the human race and me
March to a geometric Q. E. D."

I don't know what to do about him. In common with a whole regiment of his friends I have been brooding over his soul for years, and often I feel like saying to him what one of them said when Reed was explaining Utopia, "If I were establishing, it, I'd hang you first, my dear Jack." But it would be a lonely Utopia.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

Where the Irish Radical Stands

AT the present moment a very serious question is proposed to the people of Ireland. Will they, or will they not, fight to maintain the British Empire? On their answer, without disguise, hinges the future relations of the two countries.

So far as the Englishman is concerned, this war presents a clear issue. He has inherited the greatest Empire in the world. Reluctant to support the heavy military responsibilities that go with imperial power, he has availed himself to the full of all the protection that his prestige and diplomacy could give him, and he has waxed wealthier and more dominant year by year. He has refrained from direct provocation to his enemies, but at last nothing, not his skillful alliances nor his formidable navy, could save him any longer from the one mighty antagonist to whom his interests are opposed. Regarding those interests as legitimate, the Englishman does not for a single moment doubt that their assailant is malignantly immoral. He cannot comprehend any different supposition. He is proud of his Empire. He believes that he stands for public law and democracy, that his enemy stands for militarism and predation. But he realizes that his system, his civilization and his home are threatened with injury and even disaster. He did not invite the terrific emergency, but he is ready to meet it, at heroic sacrifice, and he counts on imperial unity in a struggle that involves the fate of all.

It is hardly credible to the Englishman who feels in this manner that anything but a failure in gallantry could account for disaffection now. The enemy in the field he can understand, but he is in no mood to bear with disloyalty or even criticism at home.

It is, however, precisely because the Empire is the real issue of this war—not Servia or Belgium or Russia or France—that the Irishman, as distinct from the Englishman, is obliged to consider in the maintenance of the British Empire is a thing which neither he nor anyone else has a right to assume.

Such an attitude in a time of peril may well provoke impatience and even scorn, but if anyone has a right to consider his position in this war it is the imperialized Irishman. It is true that at the present moment the Irish nationalists are under no legal compulsion to define their exact relation to the Empire. Recruiting is still voluntary. But if the war is prolonged and England demands troops, where will the Irish stand? That is a question of supreme importance to all who call themselves Irish nationalists; and even if the question of compulsory service does not arise, the question of voluntary service remains, equally searching for a people that believes itself to be honorable and gallant.

With conscription a possibility, a clear decision in advance is essential. No one doubted the goodwill of the international socialists, but their compromise on conscription cost them their ideal. Once they submitted to that, with the accompanying policies of big armaments and secret diplomacy, they let the camel of imperialism put its head into their tent. They were themselves unwilling to use violence on behalf of the noblest principles they could conceive; now they are employed in killing and being killed in the name of a "necessity" they cannot define. Few of them really believe in that necessity, but they compromised with it, and as a result they are pouring out their blood.

Between Ireland and England, as everyone knows, there is just as definite an opposition of principle as between the socialists and the imperialists of Germany. It remains to be seen whether the Irish nationalists will stand by their ideal, or submit, like the Germans, to a well-oiled governmental machine.

The Irish nationalists, I have said, are involun-

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perhaps I can make it clear. Let us suppose that Germany smashes England in this war and takes over the government of England. Let us suppose that all the English people are swept like vermin to the mountains of Wales, and the shires of England are planted with German junkers. Let us suppose that the governor of England is a German princeling surrounded by German younger sons, and that all legislation for England is made by Germans in Berlin. Let us suppose that laws are passed in Berlin making it illegal for the English to export any article that could possibly compete with Germany, making it criminal for any Englishman to own property or be educated or practise a learned profession. Let us suppose that all young Germans are taught to believe that the English are poor and dirty and lazy and low, and that all Germans are righteous and God-fearing and plucky and "play the game." Let us suppose that education is at last introduced into England, education of a wretchedly inferior character, and that the English are taught to sing, in German, "We are happy little German children." Let us suppose that, under the benevolent German regime, a famine occurs in which one-eighth of the population, or over 4,000,000 dirty English people, die simply of starvation. Let us suppose that the English revolt and are finally allowed to send representatives to sympathetic Berlin, where, after many years' agitation, they are graciously permitted to buy their land back from the junkers, but are reproached continually for poverty, ignorance and sloth. Let us suppose that the tenacious Englishmen in Berlin keep up their agitation, always struggling to get a parliament established in London, and are finally told that the thing is practically impossible because the descendants of the Prussians in Yorkshire and Lancashire feel safer in the hands of Germany. Let us suppose, however, that finally a bill is drafted which half-heartedly concedes a limited measure of Home Rule, but that the German army refuses to go against the rebellious Yorkshire and Lancashire Prussians. Let us suppose that the bill is eventually passed, subject to Yorkshire amendment—and a war breaks out against the Japanese, in which the Germans turn to the English and say: "Come, fellow Germans, to the defense of your Empire." Under these circumstances, would it be surprising if one found the English "involuntary and disaffected subjects" of the German Empire?

In suggesting this situation I have deliberately selected the one-sided nationalist Irish view. There is another side, the side of English imperialism, English efficiency, English superiority, English "Kultur." There may be something to be said on that side, but no one, at the present hour, seems to think very highly of "Kultur" forcibly imposed.

And now, what to do? For my part, as an Irish nationalist, I can think only of the program that is being bruited in Ireland. Base as were the methods, nauseating the philosophy, and evil the fruits of

ly affirming its antagonism to the British Empire at the present time. It is true that the government has already suppressed every extreme nationalist paper in the country and is preparing, as usual, to keep alive the spirit of nationalism by the unfailing method of coercion. But unless the Irish want to commit themselves to the belief that statesmanship is bankrupt and that the only way to impress England is to injure it, there is still a sane way by which the principle of nationality can be reconciled to the principle of Empire. To find that way is the real nobility, if Ireland is not either to default like the socialists or to be turned into a suicidal slaughter house by the efficient secretary of war.

And first, before speaking of this scheme, I may point out that the recrudescence of separatism in Ireland, to which the open split from Mr. Redmond and the murmurings of the Irish Volunteers give testimony, is not by any means strange. The government of the United Kingdom is, as everyone knows, a party government, and by party machinery the people are organized into a whole. But simply because the Irish people have cared for nothing but Home Rule, they have never entered into the calculations of the ministry except as a dim and truculent crowd with whose representatives they were willing to bargain but who themselves needed never to be seen. When you reflect that the ministry is the chief spokesman of Empire in England and Scotland, and when you realize that the voters of Ireland have as little personal contact with British ministers as the voters of Kansas or Nebraska, you gather the utter fictitiousness of the imperial "bonds" that are now supposed to be taut. The British public has some idea of foreign policy. It has some notion of its government's aims and some confidence in its government's plans. But except for perfunctory visits to Dublin and Belfast the statesmen of Great Britain have never made the slightest attempt to keep in touch with the people of Ireland. As a result, apart altogether from the nationalist preoccupation, the democracy of Ireland is practically outside the Empire, and for this predicament the imperialist politicians have themselves to thank.

To remedy such characteristic indifference at the eleventh hour, when it is desired that 300,000 Irishmen, instead of 150,000, shall go to the continent to fight for the Union Jack, is a problem to task even such an intermediary as John Redmond. In the opinion of those Irishmen who say that revolution is brooding, it can only be solved by a definite fulfillment of Home Rule. Such is the only fair method by which nation and empire may be annealed. The suspension of that measure fobbed off the Orangemen at an awkward hour, but it has left the nationalists in a state of sickened suspense. Ready to respond, even now, to some proof that England is fully capable of treating Ireland honorably, they ask for governmental candor. If instead pusillanimous silence is preserved, they are pre-

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If Ireland learns now that Home Rule is to remain intact, conceding Ulster some guarantee such as a veto on all Ulster legislation, the real impediment to good-will will be removed. This impediment exists because the government has jockeyed with Ulster. It has loudly affirmed that Home Rule is a fair democratic measure, yet it allows Ulster, propertied Ulster, to make it stand off from Home Rule, nervously counting the cost. If that is the way of Empire, it hardly inspires Irishmen to offer their lives.

Since Parnell committed Ireland to a constitutional program, the separatist policy has seemed to lose its hold. But in the last year many thousand nationalist Irishmen have learned the use of arms. In spite of Mr. Redmond's efforts to rule these men, the most spirited among them are now absolutely determined to force Irish demands to an issue, and nothing except prompt governmental concession can keep them from taking a stand. If the government, as is feared, begins wholesale arrests and coercion, the result will be an abortive revolution, sure to be suppressed but evil in every possible way. The only honorable scheme by which this can be averted is the remittance of Ireland's acceded dues.

Until this supreme obligation is fulfilled, in advance of any draft on Ireland's manhood, the maintenance of the British Empire cannot be of real concern to the majority of Irishmen. If they cannot avail of boasted "public law" and "democracy," many are sufficiently desperate to be ready for the alternative militarism of "Kultur."

FRANCIS HACKETT.

"Good People"

AN Irish friend of mine says that he finds this war so richly exciting that he feels very sorry for anybody who dies within the next year and thus misses its adventures and dénouement. I myself feel sorry for any one who misses such documents as the journal of a citizen of Senlis, which I found in a recent French magazine. In this breathless account of the German occupation of early September, there is one story of a timeless flavor that suggests that the world has not yet lost its high symbolic sense.

It seems that the German soldiers, in their foraging about occupied towns, are in the habit of stamping with their approval the houses where they are amiably received and food and drink presented to them. This they do by chalking upon the doors, in their cabalistic Gothic script, the words "Gute Leute"—"good people"—as a notice to the army of the deservingness and excellence of the inhabitants within. In Senlis there lived an old German woman who had been with a French family for more than thirty years. She was still attached to the country of her birth, but had also come much to

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when the Germans entered Senlis, the most innocent and delightful of treasons. In the dead of night, armed only with a piece of chalk, she sallied forth into the town, and did not rest until the doors of all the households that she knew had been inscribed with the mystic, "Gute Leute." Next morning, Senlis was full of "good people."

There is something infinitely significant in the thought of this old German woman, going about the town like a good angel, fixing her sign of protection, like the blood on the lintels of the Israelities in Egypt, on the doors of her friends. Thirty years had quite obliterated in her the distinction between Teuton and Gaul. And even thirty minutes had been enough to obliterate it partially in the minds of the Prussian soldiery who had made the same beneficent sign. A recent sunny April noon in Senlis enables me to see very vividly the dogged little troop marching into the fair and peaceful age-old town, moving in little informal groups about its silver-grey streets, or drawn up before the Mairie, parleying with the officials. And what did they ask—blood and ransom? Simply a dinner at the best hotel, and an assurance that the street-lights would be left burning all night! Were not these polite, acquiescing Frenchmen immediately "Gute Leute" to them? And as the individual soldiers scattered about the town, did they not find "Gute Leute" around them? How naive, too, may have been their test. A little wine and bread, perhaps, and the givers became "good people," to be marked with the sign and protected from rapine. Such warfare conducted by the individual becomes almost idyllic in its quality. One appreciates the almost helpless embarrassment of the invaders, and their perplexity as to what to do with all this that they have so completely and innocently at their mercy. As the soldier roams carelessly about, perhaps more than one question comes into his mind as to why he is there to fight "Gute Leute" at all.

And then, crash! The sudden shots of *franc-tireurs* at the outskirts of the town, the shock and panic of betrayal, the swift coalescence of these scattered Prussian units of amiability into an army —no longer moved by a trace of the individual sentiments that were operating a moment ago. With a click, all the "Gute Leute" are merged into a solid, cruel mass of Senlis, the enemy's town, to be struck, ruthlessly, irrevocably. The mayor who has unintentionally deceived the Germans is taken out immediately and shot, the neighboring houses are set on fire, the public building ravaged. This new gaunt, incalculable body, without reason or emotion but with only a will, sweeps its red way to the east. And these things are done in no sense by the men who were so lately parleying with their "Gute Leute," but by the coagulated, disciplined mob which formed at the instant of the attack.

So they pass from Senlis, leaving the old German woman to wonder at this madness of war which sets a sword between the "Gute Leute" that she knows

Reconstruction in Europe

IT is just possible to conceive something worse than the ruin and slaughter of the conflict in Europe. The something worse would be the discovery that it had all been futile and vain.

It is this haunting fear which explains the pathetic readiness of the crowds of civilized men who compose the belligerent nations, to discover an ideal meaning in this war. In spite of our hatreds and fevers, the curious and hopeful aspect of the various popular idealisms is their almost Christian disinterestedness. We are all fighting to liberate our enemies. The German wearers have sworn to free the Russians from Tsardom, while the British and the French are resolved to rescue the Germans from militarism. Each of us can see with the pitiless insight of enemies how partial, how partisan is the idealism of the other.

These are the ideals of partisans. Can we discover some meaning more universal? It is too soon to be confident. We shall not know what really were the dominant motives of these warrior masses nor shall we read the sacred thoughts of the statesmen who judge them, until the peace is signed. There is always the ghastly possibility that the present conflict may bring with it nothing more than the drums and tramplings of earlier conquests—cessions, indemnities and debts. But an issue was none the less clearly stated before the war began. A retort by the German Chancellor spoken during those brief conversations which led with such vertiginous speed to war, might serve us as its motto and explanation. Sir Edward Grey had proposed that a conference of the four relatively disinterested Powers should sit in London to propose an equitable settlement between Austria and Servia. "That," replied the Imperial Chancellor, "would have the appearance of an Areopagus."

Here was the typical answer of old-world particularism, or shall we call it nationalism. Nationalism is the individualism of a continent. It finds its dignity offended, its majesty infringed, by the suggestion that others may intervene to settle its disputes, and it is capable of persisting in this attitude, even when it becomes apparent that these others are not impertinent strangers, but neighbors who will presently be shedding their own blood and treasure because mediation has been refused.

For a century and more, since the ideal of human solidarity was first preached at the French Revolution, the thinkers and poets have been giving reasons why our neighbors' affairs are also our own. The new organization of Europe has brought with it a reason more cogent than any preaching. I may deny that I am my brother's keeper, but I am certainly my brother's ally. With all the Powers closely knit in two rival groups, no quarrel can be isolated. It needed a demonstration to bring home this fact to Europe. The next step in this terribly practical syllogism is clear. The only way to prevent another universal war is by the constitution of an "Areopagus."

We have evaded this conclusion with a really remarkable obstinacy. This war which has come at last in 1914 over Servia, is the war which we just escaped in 1905 and in 1911 over Morocco, in 1909 over Bosnia, and in 1912 over Albania. At each crisis the solution has dawned upon statesmen. They put it from them as Utopian. There would have been war over Morocco had not France very reluctantly consented to submit her claims to the conference which met at Algeciras. Unluckily, after France had shown—too late in the day—that she had the European mind, she made her submission of no effect by flagrantly disregarding the findings of the Conference, and embarking on a career of undisguised conquest. In the Bosnian affair, Germany and Austria were the offenders who refused the Russian proposal of a conference. Only in the Albanian question was this method accepted from first to last. Throughout this troubled period the principle which would have brought appeasement has found half-hearted backers and whole-hearted opponents. Each Power has appealed to it in turn, and each in turn has flouted it. None of them has steadily seen that it cannot be combined with the struggle for a Balance of Power and the system of alliances. A council is doomed to failure if each Power enters it bound to maintain the thesis of its ally. The organization of European solidarity has made some progress. We have solidarity enough to render any war a universal war. We lack only the solidarity to make a permanent peace. It is possible that this colossal conflict may prove to be for Europe what your Civil War was for North America—the final affirmation of the indissoluble unity of a continent.

Psychologists are puzzled by the curious intimate sense of recognition which sometimes comes over us when we see for the first time a house or a landscape which none the less appears familiar. What past experience is it that we relive in these movements? Europe is going through an experience of that kind to-day. A century ago we were just emerging from another universal war, and, so little is there anything new under the sun, the statesmen of that generation also were endeavoring to found a permanent peace by the creation of a European Concert. The Holy Alliance is execrated to-day in the memories of all liberal-minded men. But when the Tsar Alexander first conceived it, nothing is more certain than that it was inspired by an ideal of liberty and peace. The mystical and reaction-

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reasons for the degeneration and failure of the Holy Alliance are still instinctive. The English of that day under Canning and Castlereagh looked askance at it. They were willing to enter continental politics only at a crisis. If their neighbor's house blazed so furiously that their own thatch was threatened, then they would rush to put out the flames. But they would not help to keep up a standing fire brigade. The Holy Alliance failed, in the second place, because the Emperors who controlled it aimed not merely at maintaining European peace, but also at conserving the threatened institution of monarchy, and the dogma of divine right. It failed, finally, because they planned their concert with France omitted. She was the disturber of the world's peace, and the Alliance was formed to control her, to police her, to isolate her.

No one would dream to-day of making a Holy Alliance to defend monarchy. But the concert of to-morrow may be wrecked by two of the same causes which destroyed the concert of a century ago. We still suffer in these British islands from the same cautious empirical temperament which made our forefathers so useful in the task of destroying Napoleonic tyranny, and so useless in the greater work of rebuilding Europe. England's inclination will always be to intervene on the Continent in a crisis, but to refuse our aid in the permanent organization which alone can avert catastrophic crisis.

The other danger is even more apparent. If the Allies win in this war, the average sensual man in all three peoples will desire not merely to crush Germany, but to isolate and ostracise her. He will want a concert with Germany left out. It would of course be otherwise if a revolution were to happen in Germany, but I have little hope of a German revolution. "The Germans," as Queen Victoria once said of them, "are a good people." There will be change enough in Germany if Prussia makes an end of the three-class franchise. The way to the world's future, if the Allies win, is precisely their handling of a beaten Germany. If they should be able to humiliate her (an unlikely result), then she herself will refuse to sit in any Concert with them. If they have the grace to wipe out the past, if they have the charity to remember that they also have on occasion torn up "scraps of paper" and devastated the territory of their enemies, it will only be after a battle with envy, malice and all uncharitableness, sharper and harder than any which has been waged as yet in European history. By violence we shall constitute no Concert. The real battle is to come. Our fathers lost it a century ago. We may be destined to win it. I shrink from the pessimism which sees in history only a dismal succession of stoic cycles and fated repetition of mistakes.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

London.

Baiting the Commerce Commission

IN Wall Street, the first day of open trading on the Stock Exchange since the beginning of the war, I found men buying railroad securities for a rise, believing that at last the carriers were going to be permitted to raise their rates. At the same time they were denouncing the Interstate Commerce Commission.

"For what?" I asked. The answers varied in texture, content and color, but were alike in feeling. The Interstate Commerce Commission, though pretending to perform a judicial function, was against the railroads. And it always had been. Although it was about to grant the railroads a living wage, no thanks were due either to its intelligence or to its fair-mindedness. There had arisen an irresistible public demand for right treatment of the second most important industry in the country. Not until then had the Commission been able to see the light of reason. It was intolerable. Something would have to be done about it.

Knowing Wall Street fairly well, I suspected that this feeling was not wholly spontaneous, and I intercepted a regular financial writer in his goings-about to ask him what it meant. "It's an agitation from the top," he said. "You'd be surprised to hear what some of the big bankers are saying—ing these and other imperfections, yet if by a word and the bankers together are trying to take advantage of public sentiment favorable to the railroads to bring about a radical reform in Federal regulation of railroads."

I went to talk to some of those bankers, and was surprised at the pitch of their feelings. The Interstate Commerce Commission, they said, was an obsolete, dilatory body, with arbitrary powers over a business which, as everyone ought to know, requires prompt decisions; it combined the work of prosecutor and judge; it was in politics and could not help being biased on that account; it was biased against the railroads, and it had no constructive policy.

One way of dealing with a man whose mind is behaving in that way toward an institution which, though obviously imperfect, is yet very important and may have done some good, is to ask him a question like this: "Granted that the Interstate Commerce Commission works slowly—which is a hardship to business; that it is conscious of political situations, as all other of democracy's institutions are; that it acts both as prosecutor and judge, although willing to receive all the evidence unhindered; and that it has no constructive policy—grant-

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all he will say no. And he will answer that way because he knows that the Interstate Commerce Commission, created primarily to protect the public from the railroads, has, in so doing, protected the railroads also. It protected them first from themselves and then from the big shippers, and it is now the carriers' only hope of continued protection from the vexing, irrational and contradictory regulation by individual states.

That what the Interstate Commerce Commission has done for the railroads is so commonly undervalued or forgotten may be due to the fact that the benefits in every case have been conferred upon protesting carriers. Never have they received them willingly or believingly, but always as calamities, like children to whom remedies are administered sternly.

Looking back upon it now, one cannot understand the furor of panic with which the creation of the Commission in 1887 was met by the railroad people. All of them believed that railroad credit was ruined. It was an intolerable and disastrous interference of government in the management of an industry in which private capital was necessary. Phrases have not changed much since then. James J. Hill said that though the railroads might survive, the country would be ruined. He predicted that within thirty days, or as soon as people could see what they had done, Congress would be assembled in special session to repeal the law. Wall Street was extremely "bearish." Shrewd men announced that they would have none of their money in railroad securities. The terrible powers originally conferred upon the Interstate Commerce Commission were so limited as now to seem futile. All the Commission could do was to require publicity of rates, denounce unfair rates, and act in certain prescribed ways against discrimination in rates between persons and places.

What happened was unexpected. Even this moderate interference of government with the freedom of private capital in railroads marked the beginning of a stability of rates such as had been utterly impossible before. Previously the railroads had been run not by their proprietors, not by their bankers, but by their traffic managers, who were intimidated by big shippers. Rate wars were the nightmare of finance and the source of much scandalous speculation on the Stock Exchange. When other things seemed propitious, Wall Street would be expecting prosperity and rising prices, when out of a clear sky would break another rate war, and down would go stock prices with a crash. The weaker roads were always the worst offenders. They could not be persuaded to keep any agreement. At one of many conferences between bankers and railroad heads in New York, the president of the Chicago and Great Western refused to be bound, saying, "Gentlemen, I would trust any of you with my watch, but none of you in a rate agreement."

Publicity of rates hampered the traffic managers, and open rate wars presently ceased; but it did not shippers, who continued to demand costly favors and to play one carrier against another. They were very cunning. They required the traffic manager to make a new rate when they could use it to best advantage, to publish it afterward, and then suddenly to put it back where it had been, before their competitors could use it at all. Failing in that, they required advance and secret notice of an impending change. Also, they still demanded and still received the indefensible rebate. It was years before the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission, gradually enlarged by precedent and legislation, were sufficient to make rates stable in spite of the railroads. At last, in 1906, it received the power from Congress to determine and fix reasonable rates, and to suspend changes proposed by the railroads pending investigation of their reasonableness. Then for the first time the railroads were freed from the greed of big shippers, and from the false theories of traffic managers. Then for the first time could they say to the favored big shipper: "We can give you only what we give everybody else. Sorry. It's the law."

The railroads protested very bitterly. Wall Street pretended to think that the distrust of railroad securities in the panic of 1907 was owing partly to the Hepburn Amendment, which transferred control of the railroad industry from the owners therof to the Interstate Commerce Commission. Railroad securities had no future. That was the expression. The distrust of railroad securities, however, was no greater than the distrust of other securities. As for the prediction that capital would cease to be invested in the carriers' business, in the ensuing five years, 1907-1911 inclusive, the total capital so invested increased four billions and six hundred millions of dollars—about 31 per cent; the proportion of stocks paying dividends increased from 66.5 per cent to 67.6 per cent; and the average rate of dividend on the dividend-paying stocks increased from 6.03 to 8.03 per cent.

To all this the railroad man answers that neither the cessation of rate wars nor the present stability of rates can be ascribed to the work of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Rate wars, he says, would have ceased because they were ruinous, and stability of rates was bound to eventuate from the dictates of common sense. To say that the railroads could not now trust each other to maintain rates on which they should all be able to live, merely because once they were unable to do so, would be to say that they had learned nothing, which would be absurd.

Yet when the railroads, by reason of the interference of the Interstate Commeerce Commission, were unable any longer to compete in rates, they were still able to compete in service, and they have down to this day competed in service as recklessly as ever they did in rates. Hence the faster freight trains that run on almost passenger schedule between distant points, e.g., the "third morning delivery"

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run with half loads or less of dead freight, such as castings, ax-handles and chemicals, that ought to move more economically in slow trains better loaded. Hence, also, the eight or ten palatial passenger trains between two cities where two or four would do. Nothing has recently been so much wasted in this country as railroad transportation, in consequence of competition in service. Railroad men say, "But service is the only thing we have left to compete in." They do not deny waste. They complain that nobody can stop because nobody will.

It is true, as its critics say, that the Interstate Commerce Commission was created out of a spirit hostile to the railroads, and it is very possibly true that traces of that original bias survive. Against this is the fact that no experienced railroad man, reviewing the ethics of the business in the time of his youth, would deny that the public needed protection. That is confessed, indeed, in the formal plea of the railroads before the Interstate Commerce Commission that they should not be held accountable for sins of the past; that bygones should be bygones.

The criticism that the Interstate Commerce Commission is a dilatory body will bear examination, although dilatory is not the word. It is an overworked body. Too much is required of it, especially by Congress in its demands for investigations; and much work now painfully and patiently performed by the Commission itself might very wisely be delegated to referees and subordinate experts. An improved, stronger and more efficient Interstate Commerce Commission is greatly to be desired. There are few things that could not be improved, strengthened and made more efficient.

But if the railroad people mean to complain that in a season of more or less desperate need it has taken too long to get permission from the Interstate Commerce Commission to raise rates, let them ask themselves if, without the Interstate Commerce Commission, they could raise their rates at all. They were never able to control rates before there was an Interstate Commerce Commission, any more than they have been able to control competition in service since.

GARET GARRETT.

CORRESPONDENCE

Why Play-Streets?

SIR: When the People's Institute took an instantaneous census of the children playing in streets of Manhattan on Saturday afternoon, April 19, 1913, it was found that the 120,197 children who were trying to satisfy their natural, healthy desire for play had to do so in the streets. No other recreation ground was convenient.

Street play is dangerous for two reasons. The obvious first danger relates to traffic, which in a city as vast as New York is necessarily heavy. The fact that an average of 300 children are killed every year while playing on the streets exhibits this cruel reality. The cold truth is that here is a big loss to the city in dollars and cents. Up to the age of fourteen a child is a liability, cared for at the city's expense. It is only when he starts working that he begins to repay society for its care of him. If 300 healthy children die every year through street accidents —but why continue? It is a simple problem in arithmetic.

The second danger is subtler, therefore harder to combat. The census taken on April nineteenth found 30,427 grown-up loungers—idlers—on the lookout to develop new recruits for the underworld. This contact constitutes the chief danger of the streets. It is not a problem in arithmetic, but an incalculable moral menace, as has been proven by several investigations made by the People's Institute in the year 1912-13 regarding the relation of delinquency to recreation.

Why not close certain streets in each district of the city daily in the late afternoon, and let the children play in them, guarded from evil?

In New York City Police Commissioner Woods has shown not only interest but willingness to cooperate with the People's Institute in solving the No-Place-to-Play problem. He has closed certain thoroughfares to traffic divergent sections of the city as experiment stations.

We look forward to the time when play-streets will be as normal to the community as the great trucks, the ships of our local industry that ply their lumbering way, sometimes crushing life like great Juggernauts.

HELEN RUTH RICHTER.

New York City.

Strong Words vs. Us

SIR: Your review of Mrs. Parnell's book has brought to me a great light. When I read the book some time ago I disliked it. But at the time I was under the spell of obscurantist morality. I thought that a man like Parnell, who bore upon his conscience the trust of a people's destiny, was infamous for imperiling that trust by a guilty flirtation. I thought too that the disguises, the aliases, the backstairs intrigue that characterized the liaison were odious and contemptible. In fine, I judged the book, both as literature and as morals, as quite decidedly wretched.

But your reviewer lets me perceive that in the new literature and the new morality the old standards of taste and decency are as ridiculous as the superstitions of Zanzibar. Not only is the book a work of "consummate significance," but the adulterous episode was a "true love" that "honored human nature." Having been awakened to this, I beg you to go on. Strip away more of our hypocrisies. Can't you have a ringing word in praise of ambush and assassination? Can't you abolish our fetish called honor, and portray the temperamental loveliness of deceit and cowardice and shame? And above all, will you not deliver a last attack on the falling fortress of good taste, intellectual sanity and despotic conscience, so that epileptic emotionalism and unprincipled degeneracy may rule without remonstrance? It is a vast program, but having be-

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Professor Royce on his Reviewer

SIR: The reviewer of my book, "War and Insurance," in your issue of November fourteenth, while criticizing my special plans for applying the principle of insurance to international affairs, very kindly lays stress upon what he calls "an idea of extreme importance" which, as he says, my book has "contributed to the cause of peace."

I lay little stress upon the details of my plan for international insurance—details which, as my book says, are still wholly tentative. I lay a good deal of stress not only upon the general "idea" which your reviewer attributes to me, and which in its most general statement he to some extent commends, but also upon the introduction into that idea of the general principle of international insurance. Your reviewer doubts that international insurance in any form would have the value that I attribute to it. Let me venture then to answer one of your reviewer's comments upon the social workings of the insurance principle as it is at present applied, namely, within the limits of our ordinary civil life.

Insurance, says my reviewer, has "not as a rule" "provided a means" in civil life whereby "we may free ourselves" "from strife-breeding hardships." To show this to be the case, my reviewer uses as an illustration the burning of a house. "If," says my reviewer, "my house burns down uninsured," that misfortune does not cause me "to raise my hand against my fellow man." Yet on the other hand, as I myself in my ignorance of insurance suppose, a social order which is so constituted as to force millions of its members to live homeless, contains various "strife-breeding hardships" which would tend to be removed, and would be greatly reduced in magnitude, if into that social order there were introduced a form of business, a well-organized institution, which, without interfering with the rights of individuals to acquire and to hold private property, opened a new way by which thrifty men in great numbers, could gradually acquire homes of their own. I suppose also (still very ignorantly) that one way in which a young and poor but thrifty family can acquire, in our present social order, a home of its own, involves buying a house and land upon which somebody loans money, and then gradually paying for the advance while using the home with that sort of independence and with that consciousness of ownership which are made possible through loans secured by mortgages upon real estate. I not only suppose, but know, as my reviewer also knows, that a part of the security which is required to make a mortgage upon a house a reasonable investment is due to the fact that a house can be insured, while the lender of the sum needed to build the house is the beneficiary of the insurance policy.

Were there no insurance of houses possible, there could therefore be no acquisition of homes through such plans as the ones just suggested. As a fact, millions of persons living in our own present social order actually get and keep homes of their own by using plans and cooperative devices that involve employing insurance as a security for loans. This peace-breeding potency of insurance is due to the fact that a man insures in general not merely the creature of a day called "himself," but also, through the mediation of an insurer, the possibly very enduring being—man, corporation, heir, creditor, or what not—who is his beneficiary.

Such is an indication of the reasons why I believe that in the social life of each modern nation which has developed large enterprises that make use of the insurance principle, the individual usually supposes that he is insuring himself against risks by purchasing a policy. My reviewer knows as well as I do that a man's relations, in case of his insurance contracts, are with his beneficiary still more than with the corporations or individuals who sell him the insurance. And these relations to one's beneficiary are not only "logical" but indirectly, yet very powerfully, "psychological" in their influence, because through one's beneficiaries one gets united, in stable fashion and in a loyal spirit, to the whole social order, if one only insures enough undertakings and takes part in enough insurance enterprises.

My argument in "War and Insurance" is that the principle which is thus potent in our present society would tend to become still more potent for peace if it were internationally applied. In order to apply it, one would have to devise some such "organ" as my reviewer recognizes, and in a measure commends, namely, some such "organ" as my proposed international board of trustees. One would also have to define some such "object" as my reviewer also names, and in a measure commends, namely, just such a group of objects and plans as the international board of insurance trustees would devise and make feasible. In my book I have mentioned a few risks against which international insurance would already be possible, if the "organ" that I propose were already in existence—that is, if the international board of trustees were already at hand to undertake the task of proposing special objects for international insurance, and of devising plans for the conduct of such insurance.

My reviewer says that if insurance against pestilences were in question, those countries that are non-pestilential would not insure. I reply that there are no countries that are not afflicted with pestilences, such, for instance, as tuberculosis. An international campaign against such pestilences will be necessary if ever they are to be stamped out. An international board of trustees, such as my plan proposes, would constitute the best possible "organ" for conducting the campaign.

My reviewer holds that social insurance can wisely be left to individual nations, if only they can first solve each its own social problems. I reply that whenever we reach the point (as we shall soon reach the point) where insurance against strikes comes to be a question of the day, such an insurance could be much better undertaken through international cooperation than through any other form of social effort. An international insurance against strikes, with the international trustees as the meeting-ground both for the comparison of opinion concerning the problem and for putting into practical operation the plans needed, would once more be precisely the "organ" for dealing with the object in question.

In view of the foregoing considerations bearing upon the way in which the insurance principle has actually worked to remove strife-breeding hardships from our civilization, I contend that we have excellent empirical grounds for looking forward most hopefully to the peaceful influence which the workings of the insurance principle would introduce into international affairs, whenever we once begin to make use of a form of insurance whose beneficiaries would tend from the first to become the subjects of the most various nations.

It is, therefore, the indirect very much more than any direct result of international insurance that, whenever this principle of insurance has once been introduced into international affairs, will work for peace. This is the essential "idea" which my book has tried to define.

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Books and Things

ALTHOUGH I have often travelled in the same train with you, and have sought you carefully, I am not even now certain that I know you by sight. Not in the exalted chair which should be yours, but undistinguished, unremarked, you sit obscured by your companions. Publishers and novelists and critics may think they have found you at last, and resolve to keep you under surveillance, yet every year brings its evidence that their eyes were upon the wrong woman. For you, madam, are the average reader. Upon you depends the fate of every novel. To your hands the future of the American novel, for better, for worse, has been entrusted. If you say, let there be lightness, light books will be written. If you yearn for a tragic novelist, some obliging American mother, hailing from Germany, perhaps, or Russia or Scandinavia, will before long give him birth.

You do not, I regret to notice, appear to realize the responsibilities of your position. You are accused, sometimes contemptuously and highbrowedly, sometimes with hottest fury, of putting your powers to the poorest uses. Much you care. No fury, though hot as molten metal, can touch you, and to be highbrowbeaten you wholly refuse. At this moment, where a chivalrous volunteer is hurrying to your defense, you take no interest in my approach. It matters nothing to you whether I deny that your preference for happy endings is dictatorial, or admit this and affirm that your dictation does no great harm.

In life, which has sometimes been contrasted with literature, this liking for happy endings is one of the most innocent of your many innocencies. One day this autumn, when you were forced to change cars at a small place in the country, you stood on the station platform and watched your abandoned train pull out. Behind you there came a hurry of feet. An average man, whom you did not know from Adam, dashed by you in pursuit of that receding train. Would he make it? Would he lose it? You stood and watched, rather tensely rooting for that unknown man. His past might have been scarlet. His heart might be black. In some city up the line there might be a hundred guiltless men against whom your train-chaser had been concocting an after dinner speech, and who would be happier and not unwiser if he lost his train. You, while watching him sprint, thought of none of these things. You wished that man well. When he had swung aboard the last car you turned away, relaxed, relieved, nor did you stop to consider how utterly the desire for a happy ending, that well-known tyrant, had held you in thrall.

The scene changes. Winter in town. You look down from your high-built room upon the glaring street, where the lights bewilder and blind. Two illuminated surface monsters are clanging towards one another, each on its appointed track. A woman, any woman, frail if you compare her to either of the oncoming cars, tries to cross the street ahead of both. Will she be caught and dragged and mangled under your eyes? No, not she. The poor creature has done the impossible, she has gained the sidewalk unharmed, and you, the spectator, thank whatever gods you believe in. For you the incident has had a happy ending. And for her, too, although she may finish her evening

This is the kind of happy ending that you desire when you sit down to read. But people mistake when they say that because you have this desire they can tell what you think about life, the world, the soul. They can tell nothing of the sort. Yours is a case where a great deal of wish may imply very little opinion. You, who share Sir George Croft's "honest belief that things are making for good on the whole," have a weakness for happy endings, and so have I, though I'm not quite certain what things are making for. You would like happy endings no less if your beliefs were as vague as mine, and I should like them no more if my optimism were as symmetrical as yours. A liking for them is found among persons who see life pink, who see it black, who see it gray, and also among persons who don't see it.

As you have already begun to suspect, if you have kindly read as far as this, I don't quarrel with your preference for happy endings. If you insisted upon unhappy endings you might tempt our novelists and publishers to quite as conventional a routine. And a tragedy which is tragedy only in intention, which supplies an abundance of death or other calamity while omitting all tragic feeling, is less excusable, in my eyes, than the staple foolish happy-ender. My quarrel is with your desire to have that man-who-caught-the-train youngish, resourceful, bold, and in love; with your desire to have that woman-who-wasn't-run-over young, in love, self-sacrificing and devoted to an ailing mother. I suspect you, besides, of not considering love curiously enough. Richard Wagner was more exacting. He said that only the love of the strong for the strong was love, and he made a list of the imitations—such as the love of the strong for the weak, of the weak for the weak, of the weak for the strong. He called for what he deemed the real thing, and would accept no inferior substitute. Aren't you perhaps a little too ready to accept anything that's labelled love and anything that's labelled happiness?

One of these days, when I unfold my morning paper and learn from the help-wanted column that the position of creator is vacant, I shall apply for the job. Not long after organizing my staff I shall set about re-creating the average reader. To me this shall be as near a concern as the ordering of my food. Under my altering hand she shall lose a little of her fondness for meeting standardized feeling in new settings. She shall be pleased to meet new feeling in settings new or old. She will enjoy watching the oldest feelings in the world turn, as she sees them through the novelist's observing and self-observing eye, to newness. Books which not only talk about love, but which consider and communicate it, shall be dear to her; books where—as in Mr. Galsworthy's "The Dark Flower"—love itself is the subject, and where the lover is, and is meant to be, only a glass into which life pours different-colored passions.

But the average reader, when these and other alterations had been completed, would still retain many of her existing traits. Although she would demand strangeness in her novels, although she would insist upon having her manly men less like one another than they have been in the past, I should not insist upon her foregoing her attachment to manly men, womanly women, self-abnegators, high ideals and elemental feelings. I shouldn't even require of her a suspicious attitude toward big subjects. By letting her keep these preferences I should hope to avoid the weakness of re-creating her in my own image, a weakness which

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Hardy's "Dynasts" Staged

The Dynasts. By Thomas Hardy. Abridged and produced by Granville Barker. Kingsway Theatre, London, November, 1914.

THE search of an idea for an author to introduce it into the world must be as difficult an enterprise as the search of a child for suitable parents. And it must have been a particularly perplexing task for the idea that is the soul of Thomas Hardy's "The Dynasts," because of its vastness and subtlety. It is an attempt at the philosophy of history, an explanation of the periodic dismemberment of the world by the wars of the nations, a cold examination of the toppling towers that men rear when they begin to build not for beauty but for height and remarkableness.

Now and again, it seems, there arise men who are possessed by a strange passion to found dynasties. It is merely a prodigious appetite, a large kind of greed, a monstrous development of the vulgar passion for "making a show." It does not even indicate a strong imagination, for the imaginative man finds no man, not even himself, glorious enough to serve and worship only Art and the Causes. And those who are afflicted with it, having no high aims by which to build their greatness, send the dull herds on purposeless journeys always ending in the grave. A rotund little man led the courage of France to Moscow and left it in the snow because he wished an obscure Corsican family to have a rise in the world. And this morning I look from my window down a broad valley of stubble-fields and water-meadows, and know that in all the land, even to that dark wood which sweeps like an eyebrow on a distant hill, there are to-day but two able-bodied men. All the rest are standing in icy trenches or drilling on Salisbury Plain, because a distant personality, envisaged here in Hertfordshire chiefly as a rampant moustache, wants the family of Hohenzollern to be better than their neighbors. Always the common people of the world have been preyed on by such trivial desires as these.

Which author could best handle so vast an idea? Certainly none of our professed poets, since Shelley died; and our other imaginative writers have difficult personalities. "Mr. Meredith would talk about it," one can imagine the Idea saying pathetically, as it went on its quest, "and forget all about me. And if I pass on to the younger generation, they're so—intelligent. Mr. Bennett, for instance, would turn it into a documented history of a Staffordshire private, and discuss the economic influences affecting his conduct at the battle of Albuera." So the Idea was driven to turn Mr. Hardy, that mind which bridges the gulf between the Victorians, with their absorption in anecdote and hostility to ideas, and the moderns, with their contempt for personal events save as manifestations of forces. Certainly it must have suffered in its enfoldment by this powerful, inelegant, repellent genius. For although Thomas Hardy is the wisest of men and understands man as a rider understands his horse, he is of all writers the most uneducated. His mind has never grasped any mental formulae; each book is as thick-tongued and inexpert as the last. "The Dynasts" is typically mixed magic and clumsiness. There are places as rough and bare as the wall of a barn, as vagrant as the path along a cliff; but never before was so large a vision of the lot of man.

Now that "The Dynasts" is trying to fight further into the human mind by way of the stage, it finds the choice of a producer almost as embarrassing as the choice of an author. It is said that Mr. Hardy, on being asked what form the he wanted it to be "a beautiful voice speaking from a vast void"; and indeed that impossibility was the only thing possible for "The Dynasts." It wanted above all things a producer whose imagination worked on the plane of voids and vastness, who, given the written script, could fill the stage with scenes of suitable cloudy greatness. Instead it has fallen into the hands of Mr. Granville Barker, who, in spite of the fact that creative minds are always bad at arranging things, and that Wagner was never clever with dragons, insists on squandering his genius on theatrical management. Nearly always his productions are the filtrations of other producers' ideas through his vigorous personality, and it unfortunately happens that "The Dynasts" is presented in the terms of the metaphysic not of Mr. Hardy, but of Mr. Gordon Craig. On each side of the stage there sit in high thrones the two women who declaim the speeches of Time, the Pities, and the many spirits; in front a Reader sits and gives out the descriptive passages that link the scenes together. On the stage there are towering curtains and pillars, an illusion of height, vastness in the vertical dimension, dwarfing the little bright figures that strut at its base.

It is a method of presentation which Blake often used in his mystical drawings, and it is suited to drama such as "Hamlet" where the soul is seen overshadowed by God or Destiny. But it is the very essence of Mr. Hardy's work that he sees life not under height but in the midst of infinite breadth; from the soul the earth stretches away to far horizons, and there is nothing above it but the empty skies. Everything grows out of the soil beneath our feet. Fate does not bend down from a seat in the clouds, but is a pulse beating through the earth, affecting all its fruits, sometimes touching a crop with blight, sometimes withering a home with tragedy. One wanted above all things, if Mr. Hardy was to be anything but frustrated, the very effects of breadth and wide perspectives that this production consistently refuses.

But in spite of this wrangling between the author and the producer, and the truncation which time made necessary, "The Dynasts" emerged as one of the greatest plays that have been on the English stage. There were glorious times when one looked on the stage as into a magic crystal and saw some surprisingly true vision. There was that scene which showed a group of deserters drinking with some women in a bare Spanish hovel. They sang thickly, and the sun lit up the red coats of the men and the flowers in the women's hair and the white face of the girl who had died in the dust while they were busy drinking. An officer stumbled cursing down the steps and drove them out with threats of shooting to their regiments, with whom they doubtless faced death serenely in some later battle. That was war, the dark bloodstain on the world. And we saw Nelson, that queer little creature who was less honorable than a man and more heroic than a god, give up his life at Trafalgar. We saw Sir John Moore buried by men who could not spare the time to mourn him because there were many more men to be killed. We saw Napoleon fall into a sick stupor as the dull people from England pressed to him across the field of Waterloo, treading down into the mud the imaginations of the Arch-Dynast—saw Napoleon's fiction of remarkableness vanish like a contradicted lie.

It was unquestionably great and marvellously beautiful. As the Reader slowly shut the book and the curtain fell for the last time, one rose with a rather baulked feeling, as though one had had the most beautiful poem in the world read to one in a mumbling undertone, and wondered if some day one might see it again m[illegible]

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vague as a changing scene, hidden voices, more mystery. But that, one remembered, while the voices crying news of a less merciful war than any of these told one that another ship had gone down and England was the poorer by eight hundred men, will not be an enterprise for this embarrassed country for some years ahead. The neutral countries must be kind to Art today, and remember that here she too has been struck by shrapnel.

REBECCA WEST.

London, December

A Study of Joseph Conrad

Joseph Conrad, by Richard Curle. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. $1.25.

THE fifteen years or so during which Joseph Conrad has been before the public have been for English literature a period richer in ideas than in art. The new century brought with it a far more than ordinarily acute consciousness of the time-spirit. The "intellectuals" consequently have held the center of the field, men of wit and of a critical and sociological temper, capable of interpreting the movements and types of charcter that stand for change rather than the abiding relations of life. But one decade undermines another. If the production of this period has been largely a production of the brain and of immediate necessity, the influences at work underneath have been of a totally different nature. Russian literature, to an amazing degree, has taken hold of the English mind, and fertilized it with a fresh and profound feeling for the elemental at the very moment when the English intellect was beginning to grate upon itself. And undoubtedly this fact has prepared the way for an appreciation of Conrad.

For Conrad is anything but a novelist of ideas; and Mr. Curle in his critical study has probably done right in discussing him purely as a writer; probably: for although Conrad is himself not a novelist of ideas he is supremely the cause of ideas in others. That is to say, he is a phenomenon, a figure not more remarkable in himself than in his relations. It is remarkable enough that a man should become a great master of style in a language of which, until he had reached maturity, he could neither read nor write a word; but with Conrad that is only the beginning of the puzzle. The natural history of his art, baffling as it is, is of the greatest importance and should receive the greatest attention, because in the English tongue he has done several hitherto impossible things. He has been, as Mr. Curle says, "thrillingly" romantic, without one lapse into sentimentality, without a moment's departure from the most rigorous moral austerity, and in the face of an almost bitterly anti-romantic epoch. He has, unlike Henry James and every other writer who in this respect approaches him, combined the utmost subtlety of style with an exclusive interest in large issues. He has preserved that elemental integrity which as a rule springs from being rooted in one spot and growing out of it, as the novels of Hardy grow, through an experience of the earth's surface greater than that of Stevenson or even Pierre Loti. Morever, in his "revolt against revolt," as Mr. Curle phrases it, in being "volcanic without being anarchic," he has acclimatized in our own language the very mood for which we have gone to Russian literature.

In most of these matters the ground has been prepared, not for Conrad perhaps, but for his reception. Twenty years of warfare against sentimentality have purged the [illegible] years of the warfare of ideas have made many of us hungry for the return of romance. Technically, too, Conrad comes in on the top of the wave. The artfulness of Stevenson, the precision of Henry James, the sense of form that has come from a very general familiarity with French fiction, have created a public for him, just as they have made it impossible for any novelist bred in the older English tradition to attain the first rank. But his greatest good luck lies in the fact that he satisfies the revolutionary appetite of his epoch while remaining perfectly free from each and every type of revolutionary theory. As Mr. Curle says, "He has the Slav capacity for comprehending the minds of to-day without placing them, so to speak, in the problems of to-day." Not that, like Chesterton, he turns the tables on so-called advance thought, stealing its thunder for the cause of a dynamic orthodoxy; but he shares in his own world, which is not social at all, but artistic and moral, this very advantage which Chesterton has boldly snatched out of an epoch of alien turmoil. In Conrad the spirit of revolt, of "unrest" is prefigured; and as with Tolstoy, its only satisfaction, if one can speak of satisfaction in so ironical a universe as his, is moral—to be attained, that is, not by changing things but by holding fast, in his own words, "to a few very simple ideas." Himself anchored in the deep places, he is a kind of magnification, endowed with genius, of the "plain man"—in fibre not a man of letters but of the elements.

Such ideas, extra-literary to a large extent, are only typical of a world of speculation which gathers about Conrad and his work, and into which Mr. Curle only occasionally enters. He is right, for his book, as he says again and again, is a pioneer book, and the first and most important thing is to make his author known as an author pure and simple. And one can hardly praise too much the minute and scrupulous fidelity with which he has checked each impulse to express himself rather than to expound his theme. This literal and faithful stepping from point to point, this somewhat pedestrian method—strictly a method of presentation and scarcely at all a method of interpretation—succeeds in doing just what Mr. Curle wishes to be done: it gives a *rationale* of Conrad and will undoubtedly enlarge his public.

There are, however, two or three statements about Conrad which can hardly be passed without question. "Nor does he," says Mr. Curle, "in his best work, as is so often charged against him, achieve his effects by redundancy. Quite the reverse." But surely Conrad, both in style and theme, is the most fugue-like of writers, returning upon himself, embroidering and re-embroidering the substance of which it is one of his chief glories to be so economical. Again Mr. Curle says that "there is not a trace of preciosity in Conrad's prose." But what would he say to a passage that begins in this way ("The Nigger of the Narcissus," chapter IV): "On men reprieved by its disdainful mercy, the immortal sea confers in its justice the full privilege of desired unrest. Through the perfect wisdom of its grace they are not permitted," etc., which is more sophistical in words than "intellectuals" are wont to be in ideas.

By taking hold of his problem in a somewhat matter-of-fact way and concentrating on the tangible substance of a man whose intangible implications, as it were, are so perilously fascinating, Mr. Curle has given us all the more appetite for the very best things that Conrad has to offer. That certainly is the triumph of a disinterested piece of criticism. It gives edge, moreover, to the occasional passages where Mr. Curle refers to the submerged and all-illuminating fact about Conrad, that is to say, his Slavonic

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although nothing is easier and more foolish than to dwell overmuch on the influence of race, there are two or three phrases of Mr. Curle's that show how enlightening would be a special study of Conrad considered from that angle. "There are cruel moments in Conrad's intellect, extraordinarily incompassionate and cruel moments," is one of these phrases, and it records a trait that no one wholly ignorant of the Slavic nature could ever reconcile with another profoundly Slavic trait of Conrad's, which Mr. Curle also records, a "melancholy which is at once full of belief in goodness and full of despair at life." But most remarkable in this way is Mr. Curle's explanation of something which has puzzled at least one reader of "Lord Jim"; that such a tiny, doubtful, unconscious lapse from honor could ever have so relentlessly pursued a healthy young Englishman. And the explanation is that though Jim is presented as an Englishman, we may suppose that he was unconsciously conceived as "a melancholy and passionate Pole."

VAN WYCK BROOKS.

Coningsby Dawson's Novels

The Raft, by Coningsby Dawson. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.35 net.

ONE cannot help wondering whether Mr. Coningsby Dawson, before planning his second book, "The Raft," decided consciously against repeating his first, "The Garden Without Walls."

Such a decision, if it was conscious, could hardly have been easy. It required Mr. Dawson to turn his back upon a world that he evidently loves, a world of simile and metaphor, a world where thoughts bay like bloodhounds in the brain, where vice is a lean hound and remorse a lean greyhound, where clouds are like greyhounds and sunsets are panthers crouching, where Italy is like a courtesan, fair and deep-bosomed.

By chopping up Mr. Dawson's figures of speech in this way, and by sweeping the fragments together, you can give a rough notion of one among his prepossessions. To give any notion of his manner you must make a longish quotation—like this, for example, where his hero recalls bathing in the Adriatic: "When I look back to that sunny July afternoon with the blue and silver Adriatic singing against the lips of the land, the warm wind blowing toward the shore from Egypt's way, the daring flashing of slim white bodies tossed high by glistening waves, and the undercurrent merriment of laughter and secret love-making, I know that I had ventured as far as is safe into the garden which knows no barriers."

An injustice, however, is always done to Mr. Dawson by selections, because selection cannot suggest either the luxuriance with which landscapes flourish in his world, or that "shining speed" by dint of which his narrative takes us through all this landscape at such a pace that we do not feel the luxuriance as oppressive. Although what we are always escaping to is always more of the same, the sense of escape somehow manages to abide.

This world of "The Garden Without Walls," consisting so largely of landscape seen in metaphor and simile, is not largely but wholly a world of sex. Many things happen to the hero. He gets a first class and a fellowship at Oxford, he specializes in Renaissance history, he falls heir to a baronetcy and seven thousand pounds a year. These things do not matter much. What matters is women. Three women love him. One of them he is never in love with, nor does he desire her; one h[illegible] the subject of sex. Why should he be afraid of repeating women. But this sex-hearted hero is also half-hearted. "From the first," he says, looking backward when he is something more than thirty, "my pagan imagination, at war with my puritan conscience, lured me on." Other observers would describe his career in other words. Despite his willingness on one occasion to elope with a married lady who thought better of it, he is a hero divided against himself. The lesson of his career is that a hero divided against himself cannot fall. He doesn't fall until page 485, when the book is nearly over.

One attributes to Mr. Dawson's hero, perhaps unjustly, a belief that you cannot think too much about sex if you are careful at the same time to think with studied lawfulness about marriage. As a charm against overvaluing sex, against allowing it more than its due proportion in our imaginings, this belief is not sovereign. Not by its aid, but by an almost lyrical open-airness, has Mr. Dawson saved "The Garden Without Walls," so sex-pervaded, from seeming sex-obsessed.

An abundance of rather facile near-poetry, growing quickly out of his interest in sex and landscape and wandering and children—this is the distinguishing sign of Mr. Dawson's first book. Take these interests from him and there wouldn't be much of him left. His second-ratenesses would protrude—his liking for such names as Dante Cardover, Ruthita Favart, Fiesole Cortona; his apostrophes exchanged by men and women in intimacy, "little devil," "you adorable witch-woman," "you virgin man," "my word, Ruthie, you're a dainty little armful"; the unreality of his talks between men; the mediocrity of his character-drawing. "The Garden Without Walls" has these weaknesses, but they don't count heavily, don't deprive us of our pleasure in watching the hero go his sex-pursuing, sex-frustrated way.

Yes, it must have been hard for Mr. Dawson, when he set about doing "The Raft," to decide against repeating himself. Yet there is evidence that he did make this decision, He has not seen so many metaphors and similes in the landscape. His interest in sex, although still strong, is much weaker. His taste in proper names is more sober. For mere variety's sake he has introduced a great many characters, neither necessary to his story nor in themselves good enough to be worth while. Of his genuine interests only his love of children gets more space than it had in "The Garden Without Walls."

"The Raft" would hardly be worth noticing if Mr. Dawson hadn't written it. Since it is his, the notice it deserves is something more than the obligatory remark that the second book does not fulfil the promise of the first. Why do people so often write about novels as if the normal course of a novelist were a steady progress from his first and worst book to his best and last? Nothing whatever is proved by "The Raft's" inferiority to "The Garden Without Walls." Mr. Dawson's third book, for aught any one knows to the contrary, may be better than either of them. Or his fourth, at the end of long life given over to novel-writing, may remain the best of all.

"The Garden Without Walls" did not mean what Mr. Dawson thought it meant. "The Raft" aggravates one's suspicion that he has not the special kind of imagination by which an author is enabled to charge a whole book with one meaning. Mr. Dawson is young yet, and a longer experience may prove in his case to be also a wider experience. Life may bring him many subjects. While he is waiting for experience, and even if, having an unexperiencing nature, his writing should prove useless, there still remains

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deaf to the voices of women. With greater risk of repetition he might do us a hero who tried to steer his course between the Scylla of continence and the Charybdis of sin. After all, though sex be your chief interest you may still put this same interest into books of many patterns, sex in self-tones, the wedded-bliss fabric, sex with an edge of danger, sex with broad murder-stripes. The world of sex is wide.

California and Japan

The American Japanese Problem, a Study of the Racial Relations of the East and the West, by Sidney L. Gulick. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75 net.

FOR thirty years Dr. Sidney L. Gulick was a Christian missionary in Japan. A short time ago, when the cordial relations between that land and the United States began to cool, the thought came to Dr. Gulick that there was no way in which he could better fulfill his mission than in helping to break down the rising wall of misunderstanding between these two countries. He could not consistently preach Christianity when the nation from which he came was acting toward the nation to which he was accredited in a manner which he himself was compelled to admit was profoundly unchristian. Perhaps, too, he came to believe that pious aspirations and injunctions to turn the other cheek would be far less efficacious in warding off a conflict than knowledge, statistics, facts and a fair, balanced mind to interpret them. And so, after much thought, this missionary of the Gospel became in a narrower sense a missionary of peace and understanding, and the book that we now have before us is one of his new ministrations, an attempt to mediate between California and Japan, and in a larger sense between the Occident and the Orient, between the white and the yellow and brown men, and as far as possible to lay down the principles upon which a *modus vivendi* between these antipodal races may be secured.

The book is not profound, nor is it philosophical, and it does not lay claim to these qualities. But it is sane and commonsensical, informed with a spirit of fairness and humanity, not uneloquent and not unoriginal. If it sometimes overemphasizes the good and understates the less desirable characteristics of our Japanese immigrants, if it is occasionally overzealous in its defense of a despised and persecuted minority, surely these are faults which may be forgiven. Dr. Gulick seems to believe, and I think believes truly, that race prejudice is in part at least a cultivated taste, that our own minds rear the barriers between the races, and that if you refuse to see these barriers they cease to exist. I wonder if our sense of the greatness of the difference between us and the "enigmatical" Japanese is really as acute as that which the Crusader felt as against the "unbelieving Jew," or the pious French Catholic against the Huguenot.

In any case that question is not immediately involved. Both Japan and the United States are willing to prevent any wide contact between the races in California, and since 1908 there has been a so-called "gentlemen's agreement" by which Japan herself restrains her nationals from emigrating to America. As a consequence, the number of Japanese aliens in California, which is now fifty-five thousand, is bound to decrease year by year. For the most part these Japanese are earnest, industrious, capable people, with a reasonably high standard of living, and in their

If California really were confronted with the peril of an unrestricted Asiatic immigration, it would be justified, even according to Dr. Gulick, in taking any adequate measures of defense. To throw three or four or it might be ten millions of Chinese into the Pacific Coast would mean an expulsion of the whites as surely as the coming of the English adventurers in the seventeenth century meant the expulsion of the Indians. But Chinese immigration is prohibited by us and Japanese emigration by the Japanese. It is not that Japan wants her people to go to America; all she wants is freedom from invidious and humiliating distinctions. An analogy may make this clear. Americans do not wish to migrate to Norway, but if that country were to pass laws prohibiting the immigration of Americans and of Americans alone, making Americans ineligible to citizenship and prohibiting our acquisition of land in one of its counties, we should not unlikely be resentful. And the Japanese are quicker in honor than we are, as well as less secure of their place in the esteem of the world, and they have been more and longer subject to racial discrimination, calumny and misrepresentation.

It is to end this calumny and misrepresentation that Dr. Gulick writes his book. It is perhaps a very small poultice on a very large sore, but after all, if we may change the metaphor, candor has a way of propagating itself, begetting candor even in opponents, just as prejudice begets counter-prejudice. And this is the contribution of Dr. Gulick, far more important than his ingenious—perhaps over-ingenious—proposal of a new Oriental policy, which I shall not describe but merely recommend to the thoughtful consideration of the reader.

W. E. W.

Mere Adventure

The Mutiny of the Elsinore, by Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

AS a mere tale of adventure, a stirring account of a voyage round the Horn, Jack London's newest book is entirely satisfying. A person who is lured by "The Mutiny of the Elsinore" as a title cannot meet the mysterious rascals who are introduced in the first pages and be content to put the book down till he has found out just how much villainy they are allowed to perpetrate before they meet their just fictional deserts. Mr. London knows how to arouse interest in the fighting of brutal men, and in that is the interest of this story. There might have been a bigger interest. The Elsinore with its murderous crew, tossing helpless in the Southern seas, gave a chance for something that an artist could have managed superbly. But Mr. London only feebly touches it. He has put his primitive men upon the sea without putting the sea around them. Take it, as the author obviously somewhat wishes, for a study of the sea's effects upon a man whom civilization has lifted as far as it can from the primitive, and it is not possible to take it seriously. The hero is not nearly so refined a product as the author thinks he is. He may quote his friend De Casseres by the page, recite Arthur Symons to the heroine, find George Moore ever so "irritatingly fascinating," but he is not a convincing subject for such an experiment. And the "hardness" that the author finds on the sea is the same hardness he would find in Alaska, or in drink, or anywhere his plots lead him. To take the "punch" out of Jack London would be crim-

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By Walter Lippmann

Author of "A Preface to Politics"

From "TWO NOTEWORTHY BOOKS on DEMOCRACY"

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT, in *The Outlook*

THERE are books of which it is impossible to make an epitome, and which therefore it is impossible to review, save in the way of calling attention to their excellence. Bryce's "American Commonwealth," Lowell's "Study of Representative Government in Europe," Thayer's "Study of Cavour," illustrates what is meant by this statement. Two new volumes, "Progressive Democracy," by Herbert Croly, and "Drift and Mastery," by Walter Lippmann, come in this category. No man who wishes seriously to study our present social, industrial and political life with the view of guiding his thought and action so as to work for national betterment in the future can afford not to read these books through and through and to ponder and digest them. They worthily carry forward the argument contained in the authors' previous works—"The Promise of American Life," by Mr. Croly, and "A Preface to Politics," by Mr. Lippmann.

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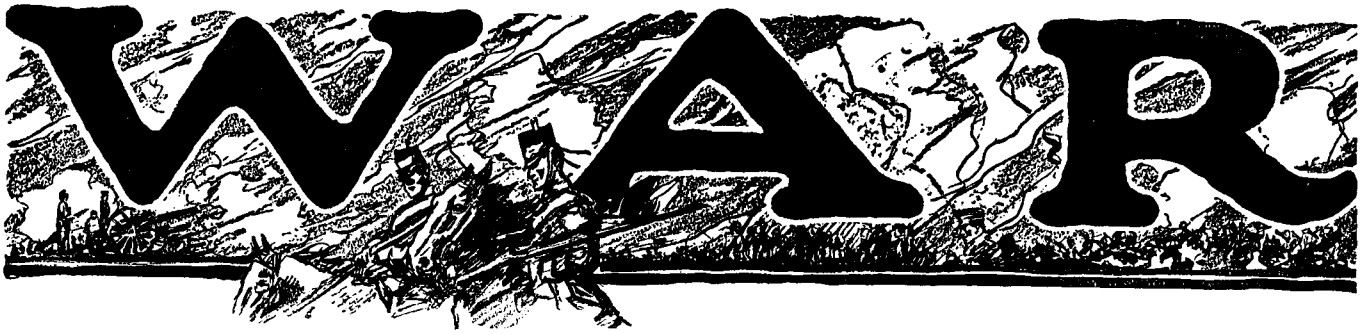

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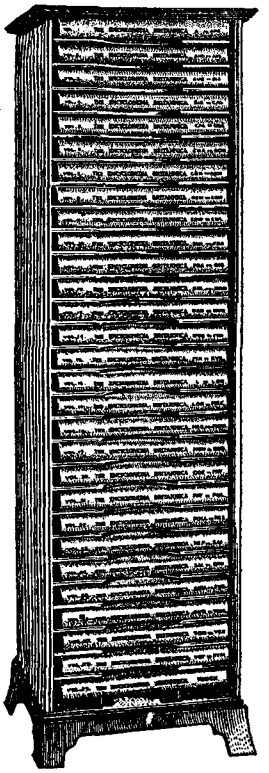

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The New REPUBLIC

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1914

PART TWO

A National System of Labor Exchanges

By John B. Andrews

Secretary American Association for Labor Legislation

"THE first step toward a solution of the problem of unemployment is the organization of a connected network of public employment exchanges."

This was the most emphatic point in the resolutions adopted by the First National Conference on Unemployment when it summed up the results of its two days' deliberations in New York last February. The conference, held under the joint auspices of the American Association for Labor Legislation and the American Section of the International Association on Unemployment, was composed of delegates from twenty-five states and fifty-nine cities. Among those who took part were representative trade-unionists, employers, economists and government officials. Their reports on the state of employment in their respective localities formed a solid foundation for the discussion of constructive remedies. The conference not only made suggestions for further investigation and recommendations for expansion and improvement of state and municipal labor exchanges, but voted unanimously to urge that in the federal Department of Labor there be established a bureau "with power to establish employment exchanges throughout the country, to supplement the work of state and municipal bureaus, to act as a clearing house of information and promote the distribution of labor throughout the country."

Shortly after the conference in February the New York Board of Aldermen adopted an ordinance providing for a municipal employment bureau in the chief city of the country. The office, opened for business on November 19, 1914, is the best equipped in America. Mr. Walter L. Sears, for eight years head of the Massachusetts system, is its efficient superintendent. The state legislature in New York, also, at its session closing at the end of March passed a bill which provides for a state system of have for many years been developing similar agencies, and the question now before the country is that of forging into the chain the necessary third link, a federal system of public labor bureaus to cooperate with the state and municipal exchanges.

I

It is apparent to any one who knows anything about the subject that our labor market is unorganized and that there is a tremendous waste of time and energy in the irregular and haphazard employment of workers. It is this very great social waste which we are just beginning to appreciate, but every method for overcoming it so far tried in America has been painfully inadequate.

The first and simplest method of bringing workmen and work together is by unsystematic individual search. A man not recommended for a position by a relative or friend often follows the easiest course, that which involves the least immediate expenditure of money and thought. He starts from home and drops in at every sign of "Help Wanted."

"Help Wanted," scrawled on a piece of cardboard, is the symbol of inefficiency in the organization of the labor market. The haphazard practice of tramping the streets in search of it is no method at all. It assures success neither to the idle worker in his search for work, nor to the employer in his search for labor. On the contrary, by its very lack of system, it needlessly swells the tide of unemployment, and through the footweary, discouraging tramping which it necessitates often leads to vagrancy and to crime.

It is impossible to reckon the cost to the community of this methodless method. Beyond the tremendous waste of time, there is the waste incurred by putting men into the wrong jobs. The law of chance decrees that, under such lack of care

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the daily process of attempting to fit a round peg into a square hole.

A second common method of connecting employer and employee is through the medium of advertising. About 2,000 newspapers published in New York State carry every year some 800,000 columns of "Help Wanted" and "Situation Wanted" advertising, at a cost to employers and employees estimated at $20,000,000—an expenditure of about $5 for every worker in the state. If the money spent brought commensurate results, there would be less ground for complaint. But at present an employer advertises for help in several papers, because all the workers do not read the same paper. The employee lists the positions advertised, and then starts on the day's tramp. At one gate fifty or a hundred men may be waiting for a single job, while in other places a hundred employers may be waiting, each for a single employee. Unnecessary duplication of work and expense by both parties is apparent. In addition to the expense, newspaper advertising also possesses inherent possibilities of fraud—210 formal complaints of this particular sort have been investigated by the New York City Commissioner of Licenses in one year. It is difficult for the newspaper, even if it always tries, to detect misrepresentations, and misrepresentation breeds distrust. The victimized employee very rarely seeks legal redress. Either he is ignorant of his rights, or the game is not worth the candle to a man who owns but one property, labor, upon the continuous sale of which he is dependent for existence.

Philanthropic employment bureaus fail mainly because of the taint of charity which justly or unjustly clings to them, and have become for the most part merely bureaus for placing the handicapped. Self-reliant workmen are inclined to shun such agencies, and employers do not generally apply there for efficient labor. Charging small fees or none at all, these offices are unable to compete with the more active private agencies which spend large sums of money developing clienteles among employers and employees. Trade union "day rooms" and offices maintained by employers' associations have to contend with mutual distrust, while their benefits are at best limited to one trade or industry.

Private employment agents, doing business for profit, have sprung up in all large centers, no fewer than 800 of them being licensed in New York City alone. While many of these operate with a reasonable degree of efficiency, their general character is picturesquely if not elegantly indicated by their soubriquet, "employment shark." In the year ending May 1, 1913, the Commissioner of Licenses of the City of New York reported the investigation of 1,932 complaints against registered employment . . . the revocation of thirteen licenses. Among the worst evils laid at the door of the private agencies are charging extortionate fees, "splitting fees" with employers who after a few days discharge a workman to make way for a new applicant with a new fee, collusion with immoral resorts, sending applicants to places where there is no work, and general misrepresentation of conditions.

Only recently the writer heard from a northern New England labor official a harrowing story of the lumber camps, where workers had been sent from private agencies in New York and were fined and imposed upon to an extraordinary degree. Eight men, including a printer, a painter and a clerk, were sent by another New York private employment agent to what was described in their contracts as "construction work, machinist and contract work." The men found themselves in a Pittsburgh steel mill, before the furnaces. Physically unable to do the work required of them, they had to apply to the office of associated charities for assistance in finding work at their trades. Although an investigation was made, New York State was unable to take any action, as none of the complainants was within its jurisdiction. Such examples could be multiplied almost indefinitely.

Public employment bureaus, designed partly as an offset to the abuses of the private agencies, date in America from 1890, when Ohio authorized the first state system. To-day there are between seventy and eighty such bureaus, maintained by nineteen states and by a dozen or more municipalities. These offices (with one backward exception) charge no fees, maintain a neutral attitude in time of labor disturbances, and fill positions, according to the official reports, at a cost ranging from four cents to two dollars apiece. In Wisconsin, where there are four state exchanges well organized on the most approved lines, the cost in 1911 was about 35 cents per position filled. In Illinois, during the twelve years 1900-1911, there were 589,084 applications for employment, 599,510 applications for workers, and 512,424 positions filled. Illinois now appropriates over $50,000 a year for direct support of its state labor exchanges, of which eight have already been established.

Notwithstanding the work of a few, these public bureaus are still far from furnishing an adequate medium for the exchange of information on opportunities for employment. Fewer than half the states are represented. Many of the managers are political place-holders of worse than mediocre attainments. Some of the offices exist only on paper. A uniform method of record-keeping has yet to be adopted. Statistics are non-comparable, and frequently unreliable if not wholly valueless.*

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There is practically no interchange of information between various offices in a state or between states. In short, workmen are still undergoing want, hardship and discouragement even though often within easy reach of the work which would support them, if they knew where to find it.

Nor does the evil end there. Every one who has studied the problem realizes that method and system in putting men and opportunities for work in touch with each other will not of themselves prevent over-supply of labor or of jobs. They will do so no more than the cotton exchange guards against an over- or an under-supply of cotton. They will serve merely as levelers in the scales of labor supply and labor demand. Besides the unemployment which is due to the failure of men and jobs to find each other, there is much due to other causes which even the best system of employment exchanges would not directly eliminate.

But every one realizes that these other causes of unemployment cannot be successfully attacked without a basis in comprehensive, conscientiously collected information such as cannot be furnished by our present machinery for dealing with the problem. Under present methods there exists no automatic, cumulative means for collecting the facts. That results, of course, in exaggerated statements in both directions. Our paucity of information on this complex and vital question has continued, even though labor problems in one form or another have taken the lead as subjects for legislation. Any scientific law-making on the programs of social insurance—especially unemployment insurance—and of vocational guidance must be grounded on facts of relative employment and unemployment of the workers tabulated by trades, by sexes and by ages. Without a nation-wide system of labor exchanges, no basis can exist for anticipating in an accurate manner the ebbs and flows of the demand for labor. Without concentration of the information now collected and now held separately in thousands of separate organizations throughout the land, the possibility of looking into the future, or of profiting by the past, is out of the question.

II.

It was a growing realization of the foregoing facts which inevitably led to the demand for a federal system of public employment bureaus. Such a system would cover the whole country. Without superseding either the state or the municipal exchanges already in existence, it would supplement and assist the work of both, dovetailing them with its own organization into an efficient whole. Country-wide cooperation and exchange of information would then be an accomplished fact instead of merely a hope. Statistics for the study of unemployment [illegible] tactics in the campaign against it would be coextensive with the national boundaries and comparable between different parts of the nation. The regulation of private agencies would be a natural function of the federal bureaus, and the troublesome "interstate problem" would be solved by an interstate remedy. Finally, the greater resources at the disposal of the federal government would provide better facilities for carrying on the work than the states could provide, and would command the services of more able social engineers than are found in most of the state exchanges at present.

To the question of whether such a system is feasible, the answer is that Great Britain already has one. The successful British national labor exchanges, established by the act of September 20, 1909, already form the most thoroughly organized and most widespread system of their kind in the world. Work was begun in February, 1910, with eighty-two agencies. By July, 1913, in the eight administrative districts into which the country was divided there were 430 agencies, staffed by full-time officers, with which were connected 1,066 local agencies for the administration of unemployment insurance. The total regular staff of these 1,496 offices was 3,536 persons, of whom about 600 were women.

The following table shows the number of applications for employment, the number of vacancies notified by employers, and the number of vacancies filled, for specified months since the system has been in operation:

GROWTH OF OPERATIONS OF BRITISH LABOR EXCHANGES, BY SPECIFIED MONTHS.

MONTH	APPLICATIONS FOR EMPLOYMENT	VACANCIES NOTIFIED BY EMPLOYERS	VACANCIES FILLED
March, 1910.....	126,119	.....	20,395
March, 1911*.....	142,382	47,811	37,711
March, 1912.....	178,317	72,650	55,650
March, 1913.....	209,901	95,862	68,783
March, 1914.....	222,204	99,089	74,578

*Five weeks

The following table shows the usefulness of the exchanges for the first four years of their existence:

GROWTH OF OPERATIONS OF BRITISH LABOR EXCHANGES, BY YEARS.

YEAR	APPLICATIONS FOR EMPLOYMENT	VACANCIES NOTIFIED BY EMPLOYERS	VACANCIES FILLED
1910*.....	1,590,017	458,943	374,313
1911.....	2,010,113	886,242	719,043
1912.....	2,423,213	1,286,205	1,051,861
1913.....	2,739,480	1,158,391	874,575

*Eleven months

The percentage in 1912 of vacancies filled to

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In Germany there are 323 public bureaus, all maintained by municipalities, it is true, but bound together in a national system which harmoniously operates throughout the empire. In France and in Switzerland also, not to mention other less important countries, government subsidies are offered to local exchanges which conform to certain national laws. The suggestion of a national system of public employment offices for this, perhaps the most highly developed industrial nation of the world, comes therefore not as an untried notion, but as a workable, proved possibility. The only question is one of method.

To combine into an efficient organization the results of the ripest experience, a national bureau of employment should comprise three main divisions: (1) the central office at Washington; (2) a number of district clearing houses; and (3) the local labor exchanges.

Let us briefly sketch the special functions of each.

The central office, from its vantage point in the national capital, and as an integral part of the federal Department of Labor, would have the task of organizing the entire system, coordinating its various elements, and supervising its operation. The first activity in connection with such a national bureau is the establishment and conducting of public labor exchanges. These should be built up, with careful regard to existing state and municipal bureaus, as rapidly and in as many parts of the country as circumstances require and as finances permit. The number and location of exchanges need not be constant, but can be varied in accordance with the needs of the labor market, inactive offices being closed and new ones being established in promising localities. Nor should the bureau be limited to establishing its own agencies. Very frequently exchanges are initiated by states or municipalities, which occupy strategic points but which through shortage of funds or perhaps through improper management do not make a "go"; these the federal bureau should be able to take over at its discretion, by mutual agreement. Whether private agencies should also in some cases be taken over is less certain, but there are arguments in favor of that. Still another possibility is that of joint action by the federal bureau and an interested state, county, or city, to maintain in cooperation an employment bureau where needed, each furnishing part of the funds. Such an arrangement has for several years existed between the state of Wisconsin and the city of Milwaukee with results eminently satisfactory on both sides. State agricultural or immigration departments might also be eager to enter into an agreement of this nature.

and to some extent regulating all the public employment offices conducted by other subdivisions throughout the country—state, county, town or village. The lack of cooperation, the failure to interchange information of vital importance to workmen and employers, is one of the sad features of the public employment bureau situation at the present time. Here is a great field for the standardizing activities of a federal bureau. The scattered public agencies must be brought into full cooperation with the federal system and with one another. Information of industrial opportunities must no longer be locked within the four walls of each office, but must flow freely to other offices and to other states. In the hands of the proposed federal bureau more than in any other agency lies the opportunity of bringing order out of the present chaos. It could devise, in cooperation with public employment officials, a standard record system, encourage its adoption by the various agencies, and assist them in installing it. It could encourage the adoption of a uniform method of doing business and of appraising results. There is even a suggestion that the federal government offer a money subvention to state and city exchanges which conform to the federal rules, as in France and Switzerland. If this step is inadvisable, the same result might be attained by penalizing nonconforming exchanges by refusing to cooperate with them.

A third duty of a federal employment bureau would be the division of the country into districts and the inauguration therein of district clearing houses. The United Kingdom, with an area only one twenty-fifth as vast as ours, has been divided for the purposes of administering its employment bureau system into eight districts—six for England and Scotland, one for Wales, and one for Ireland. The duties of clearing houses in the American system will be discussed later.

Fourth among the duties of the central office would be to carry on a campaign of the fullest possible publicity on the condition and fluctuations of the country's labor market. For this campaign it would draw upon the information contained in the short-interval reports of the local exchanges and of the clearing houses, and it should also be empowered to engage, in localities where neither of these exist, special correspondents. The information of labor supply and demand thus secured could then be compiled and published in a number of attractive ways which opportunity and ingenuity will suggest.

Periodical bulletins should present "the information gathered through the labor exchanges about the state of the labor market in different parts of the country," and should combine therewith other

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tioned wage rates and cost of living in the different districts, expansion or decay of trades or industries, important strikes and lock-outs, business booms or depressions, and any other occurrences tending toward either abnormal under-supply or over-supply of labor. The bulletin and other information should be printed in such languages as will most enhance their usefulness.

The fifth and last important function of a federal employment bureau is the troublesome one of regulating private employment agencies. The American Association of Public Employment Offices, at its second annual convention in September, 1914, went on record as recommending the abolition of all such offices operating for profit. An initiated measure which would accomplish practically the same result was carried at the November election in the state of Washington. Whether we are yet prepared to go as far as that, considering the inadequacy of our present public employment bureaus, is disputed by many students of the problem; but in no quarter is there lack of recognition of the need for stringent regulation. Agencies which confine their operations to jobs and men within the state are under state jurisdiction. But these are only a small part of the total number. Most private bureaus engage also in "the business of securing work to be performed outside the state where the business is carried on and which involves the transportation of the workman from one state to another." Engaging in such interstate business brings an agency properly under federal control.

The district clearing houses already mentioned are quite distinct from the local labor exchanges, and must not be confused with them. The clearing house finds no positions. Its functions are to exchange information between the local exchanges, and between other correspondents in its district, to receive daily reports from all public exchanges within its jurisdiction and reports from private agencies at least weekly, and to compile and publish these data for its district. It also carries on an interchange of information with the clearing houses in other districts. It is the channel through which all the offices in its district would keep in constant touch with the national headquarters, and also through which information from Washington would reach the district.

The functions of the ultimate units in this system, the local labor exchanges, may all be summed up in the words "bringing together workmen of all kinds seeking employment and employers seeking workmen." The good superintendent of a public employment office will not wait behind his counter for employers and employees to hunt him up and to use his office as a medium for coming together; he will take active steps [illegible] vertising, newspaper publicity and in other ways he will constantly bring his office to the attention of those who should use it. He will build up a clientele among both parties to the labor contract. In the projected system he should report daily on a uniform blank to the clearing house of his district, which in due season would submit the report to the national headquarters.

Thus the jurisdiction of the projected federal bureau would extend throughout the country over every organized interstate agency for the securing of employment or of workers. Not only its own and other public offices would be amenable to its regulation, but also private money-making enterprises and philanthropic bureaus, in so far as their activities transcended state borders. In addition to its regulative activities, it would operate exchanges on its own account, build up a clearing house system for employment information, and publish and distribute that information as widely as it could. In short, in the words of Mr. Frank P. Walsh, an advocate of the system, it would "do everything possible to aid in securing the fullest application of the labor force of the country."

In the foregoing hasty summary of the functions of the various essential parts of a national system of employment bureaus, much administrative detail has naturally been omitted.

In selecting the director of so powerful and important a bureau great care would have to be exercised to secure a man of impartiality, character and ability. The New York State employment bureau law requires that the director must have "recognized executive and managerial ability, technical and scientific knowledge upon the subject of unemployment and administration of public employment offices, and recognized capacity to direct investigations of unemployment and public and private agencies for remedying the same." Under this provision there was selected as director of the state bureau one of the best equipped men in the country, Mr. Charles B. Barnes. Some such group of qualifications should be embodied in a law establishing a federal system.

The director, superintendents of clearing houses and of branch offices, and all other employees should be under civil service. They should be able to feel secure in their positions as long as their work is faithful and up to the mark. The salaries, however, should most emphatically not be rigidly fixed by law. As a device for killing incentive and interest, and for turning out a body of chair-warmers, a salary fixed by statute and incapable of increase for merit or of decrease for inefficiency has no equal. The rates of pay for subordinates should —within limits, of course—be in the hands of the

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Reports of the local exchanges to the clearing houses must be made daily if the information is to be fresh enough to serve any useful purpose. The farmers of the country would little thank the weather man for a neatly lithographed forecast of last week's weather; and a detailed arithmetical report on how many jobs or workers might have been had at some previous date will be just as little helpful to industrial managers or to employees.

The administrative difficulties which would beset the operation of a system like that here projected would be many. Among the most serious would be that of maintaining a strict balance of impartiality between employers and employees. The establishment of state employment offices has on the whole been favored by workmen, on the ground that it would do away with the abuses perpetrated by the private agencies, and has been opposed by employers on the ground that it would be unduly coddling labor. In the matter of a national system for the United States, however, the main opposition has come from the side of organized labor, which has apparently feared control of the system by the employing class. "Beware of the Greeks when they come bringing gifts," warned President John H. Walker of the Illinois State Federation of Labor, when the project was broached at the New York conference on unemployment. And he continued: "You know we have been double-crossed and deluded so often that when anything is held out to us the first thing we look for is to see where we are going to get the worst of it; and one of the first things that came to my mind was that it was possible that these well-intentioned people, taking an interest in this question of unemployment, might organize the labor exchange bureaus in such a way that the entire unemployed army would be mobilized and that the employers would have such access to it as to be enabled to use it at any point, at all times, to break down the things that the organized workers of the country have already established by fighting for them hard and long." Mainly through Mr. Walker's efforts, the resolutions adopted in favor of a federal system contained the proviso that "such distribution shall not cause the deterioration of the present standards of wages, conditions and hours of employment of American workers, or impair their efforts to improve them."

In order to prevent distrust of this sort, which would cause friction and impede the work of the bureau, there should be for the central office and for each of the local exchanges a "representative committee." A representative committee should consist of equal numbers of employers and employees, elected by the respective groups, and should have a disinterested chairman selected by the other ing policies and in selecting employees for the offices, insure impartiality in labor disputes, prevent the bureau's being used to depress or unduly elevate wages, and aid in all other matters relating to the management of the bureau. The importance of such committees in gaining public confidence for the bureau cannot be over-estimated. It was recognized by the British labor exchanges act of 1909, and by a French decree of 1911 establishing the conditions under which the more than 150 municipal labor exchanges of that country might share in the government subvention. Without express legislative stipulation, representative committees have under the Wisconsin Industrial Commission become an indispensable adjunct to the public exchanges in that state, and the New York State law of 1914 made them mandatory. By an error of judgment the British act provides that the committees must be appointed by the administrative head of the system instead of being elected by the jointly interested groups themselves, and this error has been followed in the New York law. If the purpose of the committee is to inspire public confidence in the unbiassed conduct of the office, it is evident that the representatives of both parties to the labor contract should be representatives indeed, elected by their constituencies, not "appointed from above."

Perhaps the most controversial point in the administration of the bureau is the policy to be pursued in times of actual labor strife, in the days of strike or lockout. The first Illinois law establishing state exchanges in 1899 was four years later declared unconstitutional because of the provision that applications for help to fill places vacant because of a strike were not to be received. Wisconsin had a similar experience. The healthy instinct of which this prohibitory clause was an unskillful manifestation has been satisfied in most American exchanges by publicity. The prospective employee is informed of the existence of the dispute at the same time that he is informed of the position, and it is left to him to decide whether or not to take the work. In Massachusetts it is even the practice in case of an industrial dispute to stamp the introduction card which the employee is to present to the employer with the words "There is a strike on at this establishment." Under the publicity policy very few applicants take strike-breaking jobs. Employers and labor union representatives are thoroughly satisfied, and consequently the exchange escapes the rocks of disaster on either side. In the words of a resolution adopted by the First National Conference on Unemployment, these agencies must be held true to their character as belonging to the public and remain neutral in all trade disputes.

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any disqualification or prejudice at an exchange if he refuses to accept an offered job on the ground that a strike or lockout exists or because the wages offered are lower than those current in the district for the same work.

Frequently the very man needed to fill a distant position is without the railroad fare necessary to reach it. This problem has been met in some European countries by advances of transportation in certain cases. In America only an inconsiderable number of the public exchanges make any such provision, although several of them act as intermediaries in turning over to applicants, under some system of control, the transportation advanced by prospective employers. Administrative officials of a federal system will no doubt find it necessary to work out an adequate policy of handling such cases.

An important and delicate part of the work of an employment bureau system is the placing of juvenile workers in positions which are suited to their capacities and which will offer opportunities of development and advancement. Unfortunately, among American labor exchanges the possibilities and the duty of this sort of activity are all but unknown. One state, Massachusetts, reports making consistent effort in this direction, and the 1914 New York law devotes considerable attention to the matter, but elsewhere little or nothing is done. This failure to respond to the opportunity to do constructive work is in painful contrast to the English system of close cooperation between labor exchange and school. In Edinburgh, under a special act for Scotland, a division of work has been arrived at between exchange and school by which the latter furnishes the advice and the former furnishes the information concerning situations; an officer of the exchange occupies a room in the school building to facilitate the transfer of information.

The New York State law provides that applicants between the ages of fourteen and eighteen may register at school on special forms, which when transferred to the employment office are to be treated as personal registration. The superintendent of the office and the school principal are to cooperate in finding suitable employments for children, and all this side of the work of the office is to be assisted by a special sub-committee on juvenile employment, consisting of employers, employees, and persons with knowledge of education or of other conditions affecting children. I believe there are great possibilities of cooperation between the school system which trains the child for work, the department of health which grants work-permits, and the juvenile department of the labor exchange which furnishes knowledge of openings for fit employment. A federal measure would be incomplete

III

A bill looking to the establishment for the United States of a system as here outlined was introduced in Congress on April 29, 1914, by Representative Murdock of Kansas, and was at once referred to the House Committee on Labor. The bill provides for a Bureau of Employment within the federal Department of Labor, under the direction of a commissioner of employment to be appointed by the President with the consent of the Senate. The original advocates of this legislation favored the creation of representative committees in connection with the offices, as previously urged in a report of the City Club of New York through Mr. Morris L. Ernst, chairman of the Committee on Public Employment Exchanges.

The House Committee hearings upon the measure during June and July evoked widespread interest. Among the organizations whose spokesmen appeared in its favor were such representative bodies as the North American Civic League for Immigrants, the American Association for Labor Legislation, the American Section of the International Association on Unemployment, the Brooklyn Bureau of Charities, the National Religious Citizenship League, the Conference upon Unemployment among Women, the Committee of One Hundred of Massachusetts, and the National Liberal Immigration League.

Action was repeatedly deferred, however, and the bill allowed to languish in committee, to permit the federal Industrial Relations Commission, which publicly announced that it had begun work upon the problem, to bring in a measure of its own, which it was felt would embody the results of wider investigation and more expert opinion. Commission hearings on the subject of unemployment were held in New York, Chicago, Seattle, and in other cities. Although the European war threatened a repetition of the wave of unemployment which caught the country napping in the winter of 1913-1914, the expected measure did not materialize. When, on October twenty-fourth, Congress finally adjourned, both it and the commission had still failed to rise to the obvious emergency. A set of eight "Tentative Proposals" were drafted by the commission and were widely circulated for advice and criticism, but as late as November tenth the statement was made that "the problem of revising this plan is now before the commission, but so far no action has been taken upon a revision."

Obviously this delay prevents the possibility of organizing a national employment bureau to meet the pressing need of the present year. But both Congress and its investigating commission should be spurred to some action without further costly

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The proposals as they stand are in most essentials practically identical with those of the Murdock bill, differing principally in greater amplification of detail which, in some instances, might better be left to the administrative officers, and in a few additions, the chief of which is the idea of district clearing houses which has been incorporated in the foregoing outline.

Important as an efficient nation-wide network of public employment exchanges is as a first step in solving the baffling problem of unemployment, the fact must not for a moment be forgotten that it is but a beginning of the whole solution. For the employable there must be in addition regularized business and adequate unemployment insurance such as Great Britain has already been farsighted enough to establish. To fill in the gaps caused by the uncontrollable fluctuations of private industry there must be some provision for public work of permanent value to the community. Finally, for the unemployable, there must be a wider development of the relief agency, the hospital, the reformatory and the industrial farm colony.

But here and now the incontestable first duty of Congress with respect to the unemployment problem, which every one now sees lowering upon the country with the approach of bitter weather, is to enact an adequate bill for national labor exchanges.

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